THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

THE subjects that have been agitating the European press most strenuously during the past few months bear ample testimony to a distinct improvement in Continental morale. Pre-war diplomacy is alleged to have reared its head higher than ever at Geneva, and both France and Germany have had enough spare energy to get all worked up over Hindenburg's protestation of German innocence at the Tannenberg dedication. The British press has so little to complain about at home that it has found ample space to deal with the distant dispute between Hungary and Rumania, into which Lord Rothermere's fine Italian hand hurled a well-intentioned boomerang last summer. In egging the Magyars on to demand a revision of the Trianon Treaty, he helped bring matters to a head long before the real Hungarian grievances had had time to ripen. In Poland there has been excitement, too, but in spite of these ruffles on the Danube and the Vistula, the waters of the Seine, the Spree, and the Thames have remained unusually calm. It may be the lull before the storm. More probably, however, the coming elections in France and the United States, and the gradual economic revival in both England and Germany, have contributed their share. If the smaller nations and remoter places have been basking in the spotlight, it is only because the rest of the world is up and doing — a fact that may well concern certain Americans eager to consolidate gains they have made since the war.

Reviving Europe

Ireland remains the Achilles' heel of the British Empire, and the recent election confusions there have caused London more anxiety than livelier developments further afield. The *Morning Post* speaks for the imperial Englishman when it remarks: 'As for taking the oath, not meaning to keep it, which might have done Mr. de Valera some little harm in this country, it seems to be no disgrace over there. Archbishop Mannix is quoted from Australia in defense of what seems to plain men perjury; the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland has not condemned it; and the oath-breakers themselves have considerably increased their political strength as a result. Nevertheless, an

Imperial Britain

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election fought on the two planks of perjury and murder can hardly be called a promising preliminary to the calm consideration of the problem of government.' The same paper also asserts that the 'poor honest country people are sighing for the good old days of British rule,' on account of the high taxes that have reduced them 'almost to starvation.' Needless to say, even moderate Irish opinion does not quite confirm this sweeping view.

Arabia is proving another trouble spot with Ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz, and the Imam Yahia of Yemen disputing the ownership of the buffer state of Asir, lately assigned to Ibn Saud. England has taken th : side of Saud's Wahabis, while Italy and a rival Moslem group support the Imam. Sirdar Ikval Ali Shah describes the complicated situation in this way: 'Certain clans in Asir have always looked to Ibn Saud for protection, while, on the other hand, some of the adherents of the Sheik es Senussi in Asir prefer the claims of the Imam — largely on religious grounds. The anti-Wahabi feeling among a section of the people of Asir has always smouldered; and ever since Sultan Ibn Saud ascended the throne of the Hejaz he has been making every effort to overcome this dislike. Certain political observers of the affairs of Islam saw very plainly at the last Mecca gathering that the election of Tewfik Sherif, the head of the Asir delegation, to the Secretariat General of the Grand Moslem Conference was closely concerned with the endeavor to procure the good will of Asir. A countermove against the Akhwan and Idrisi opposition in that country was in a measure successful; and Ibn Saud's well-wishers in the buffer state were confronted by Yemenites at every step. The strength that the Senussi opposition lends to the Imam Yahia, significant though it be, is yet not so startling as the sympathies of both the Shiah world and a number of Indian Mohammedans. Persian sentiments are definitely anti-Wahabi, and the Indian delegation of Khudamul Haraman to the Hejaz, in an interview with the Imam, is said to have offered all moral and material help to him. Quite lately, too, an anti-Wahabi movement has made its appearance in the Hejaz itself, and the first item of its programme is to send representatives to Cairo and Bombay to stir up sectarian passions against the Wahabi King of Mecca.' Since the conflict may involve the control of the city of Mecca, the entire Mohammedan world will be concerned as to its outcome, and there can be little doubt that Italy and England will be able to settle any private differences if such a far-reaching issue finally emerges. As matters now stand, England, in the Treaty of Jidda, recently ratified by Ibn Saud, recognizes the independence of the Wahabis. The London *Times* remarks: 'The Treaty is now in operation; British diplomacy in Arabia has attained a very desirable end, and Sir Gilbert Clayton, who represented His Majesty's Government in the Bahra and Hadda negotiations, has achieved a third success that crowns the two previous agreements.' The agreements referred to were signed in November 1925, and have succeeded in almost eliminating tribal raids.

The South African Legislature has passed an Act, which went into effect in October, 'to provide for the better control and management of native affairs,' but, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the native himself will hardly feel grateful for the supervision that he will enjoy. What the Act really does is to make the Governor-General 'the supreme chief of all natives in the provinces of Natal, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State.'

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Besides this, the Governor can define and alter the boundaries and areas of any tribes, and also, 'whenever he deems it expedient in the general public interest, order the removal of any tribe or portion thereof or any native from any place to any other place within the Union upon such conditions as he may determine, provided that in the case of a tribe objecting to such removal no such order shall be given unless a resolution approving of the removal has been adopted by both Houses of Parliament.' Nor is this all. The Act further provides that 'any person who utters any words or does any other act or thing whatever with intent to promote any feeling of hostility between natives and Europeans shall be guilty of an offense and liable on conviction to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one year or to a fine of one hundred pounds, or both.' In order to facilitate such convictions, the Act adds that any magistrate, if he suspects the existence of 'anything as to which there are reasonable grounds for believing that it will afford evidence as to the commission of any such offense; or anything as to which there are reasonable grounds for believing that it is intended to be used for the purpose of committing any such offense,' may have the thing searched for, and, if his suspicions are confirmed, have it destroyed or confiscated.

Although Mr. L. A. S. Amery, the Colonial Secretary, applauds a similar but less sweeping measure in Rhodesia, the *Manchester Guardian* asserts that the rest of British Africa will make a great mistake if it follows the Union's example in its native policy. Such a policy, says this paper, 'aims at segregation, and with segregation as an ideal few will quarrel. But the essence of a just policy of segregation is land, and the Hertzog Government, while it has been quick to pass legislation debarring the native from skilled employment, depriving him of his vote in the Cape, restricting his movements by an extension of the "pass" system, and limiting his right of public meeting and free speech, has as yet given no adequate sign that it is sincere in its determination to provide land enough for him to work out that happy destiny as an agriculturist and village handicraftsman which it is its professed wish that he should enjoy.'

They order these matters better in Kenya, where the British Government has sworn that the Crown, to whose suzerainty the natives are committed, will hold their interests paramount. The *Manchester Guardian*, expressing of course the Liberal point of view, sees little hope of a sound and enlightened federation of British African states so long as the present Government remains in power. The Conservative *Outlook*, on the other hand, greets Mr. Amery on his return from the Dark Continent with these words: 'Mr. Amery has justified the new Dominion Secretaryship. His South African speeches have powerfully influenced South African politics. Standing apart, as is his duty, from local controversies, he has pointed to the high destiny which awaits South Africa as a national unit within the Empire. His whole line of argument has been exactly the contrary to that adopted by Mr. Baldwin, who was concerned in his visit to Canada to vindicate the imperial standing of Britain. But taken together the two groups of speeches show what Empire means, and how much itinerant ministers can do to make its meaning known.'

Now that Mustapha Pasha Nahas has succeeded Zaghlul Pasha as Chairman of the Egyptian Parliament, the *Morning Post* takes it upon itself to give the new leader a little wholesome advice: 'Self-government does not

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depend upon any treaty between Egypt and Great Britain; but was a grant, unilateral and freely given, which, were the conditions broken or the results disappointing, might be withdrawn without any breach of faith or contract. Egypt, in fact, was granted self-government experimentally. Great Britain had redeemed her from bondage, had raised her to a flourishing state, and given her an excellent administration. Her people were happy and prosperous, and secure in law and justice, when we handed over the people of Egypt to the new form of government, and it was on the condition that these essentials of justice and good government should remain. The result, if we may speak frankly, has been disappointment to Great Britain and misery to the people of Egypt.' For the benefit of its own readers this paper also points out that Egyptian politicians are 'largely drawn from a class no more native to the Nile Valley than the British themselves,' since 'they are what remains of the Turkish domination.' J. A. Spender, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, takes quite a different view, saying: 'The main point for us is that we shall leave the Egyptians to settle these affairs in their own way.' Most of the editorial in which this passage appears, however, is devoted to Indian problems, and vaguely urges the British not to pass judgment on Hindu-Moslem disputes without remembering the Protestant-Catholic trouble in Ireland, and not to feel that Miss Mayo's sensational *Mother India* justifies putting on the screws to a country so entirely different from any in Europe.

Tannenberg

Supposedly at the instigation of the rabidly Nationalist Count Westarp, President Hindenburg succumbed to the charms of slaughtering Locarno to make a Junker holiday, and to the fury of the French press announced Germany's innocence in 1914 for all the world to hear. The general British attitude was that a brave and honest man had made a grave diplomatic blunder. Only a minority of Englishmen now seriously believe Germany to have been solely responsible for the war, though almost nobody would swallow Hindenburg's view of one-hundred-per-cent innocence. France, on the other hand, clings to the Versailles Treaty, and insists that there is no justification, either practical or moral, for reopening the subject. Certainly Hindenburg's speech had an unfortunate effect, and it clearly indicates two things: Germany will not be satisfied until the question of war guilt is completely thrashed out, and France remains so touchy on the subject that the part of wisdom is to let things slide. This has been Stresemann's attitude, and, in spite of the fact that he agrees substantially with what his President said, he cannot have relished the performance.

Still less can he have relished the result of his own strictures on Professor Foerster, editor of the Pacifist periodical, *Menschheit*. This old gentleman is bringing a libel suit against the German Foreign Minister, who had publicly accused him of 'blackguardism and calumny.' Dr. Foerster used to live in Munich, where he violently opposed German militarism both during and after the war. Lately, however, he has been forced by Nationalist persecution to seek refuge in Switzerland, though his work goes marching on. Recently he embarrassed the Ministry of Defense and various Nationalist organizations by revealing certain alleged connections between the Reichswehr and the German Fascisti. His trial should prove a sensation.

The resignation of Cardinal Billot is said to mark a triumph for the Quai

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d'Orsay at the expense of the French Royalists. The *Outlook* says that the question now is 'whether the Vatican or the *Action Française* can exercise the greater influence over the French people. Papal interference in French politics has been none too happy in the past, and with the memory of certain marriage annulments fresh in our mind we cannot place very much confidence in the present Pontiff's understanding of the non-Italian mentality. Meanwhile, the only result which has actually been accomplished is to render the existing confusion in French politics worse confounded.' *Journal de Genève* offers a more elaborate explanation. 'Under Pius X, as everyone knows, MM. Maurras and Daudet and their school enjoyed a certain amount of benevolence in high Vatican circles, although such protection may never have been avowed. . . . The present Pope, however, carried the fight against the *Action Française* to the limit, and finally placed that journal on the Index. This event, immediately following Cardinal Billot's departure from Rome, led to that prelate's sensational resignation. True enough, the Holy See endeavors to explain the venerable Cardinal's resignation on the basis of his extreme age, eighty-two years, and his profound piety and lively desire to end his life in prayer. These reasons, however, leave something to be desired, since Cardinal Vanutelli, at the age of ninety-one, has no idea of abandoning his title of Prince of the Church. The real motive for Cardinal Billot's resignation is based entirely on the severe attitude Pius XI has taken toward the editors of the *Action Française* and toward the Cardinal's adherents.'

French Politics

During the summer holidays most French deputies concluded that the National Coalition is more popular than they had supposed last spring, and the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* feels that Poincaré will not be in any danger for some time to come. Business is not particularly good, and will probably grow worse this winter, when disaffection with the present régime will set in. Taxes remain high, and the franc cannot be relied upon. Many deputies of the Left feel that they may be able to throw out the Coalition before the May elections, provided hard times set in and the populace demands a change. So far, however, Poincaré has successfully kept the country on pins and needles, and has persuaded the Chamber to keep him in power.

Fascist methods still persist in the Tyrol, where a number of Austrians had been led to hope for a certain amount of local autonomy in the town of Bozen. A member of the Friends' Committee describes in the *Manchester Guardian* what is actually going on there: 'The children, taught in a language they do not understand, are not taught at all, and the well-educated Austrian peasantry see themselves threatened, in a generation or less, with the illiteracy of rural Italy, where, in very many communes, at election time, the names of the candidates are not printed at all, but indicated by a symbol, — such as the Fascist "broom," or whip, — to which the voter attaches his mark. Moreover, the children are valuable spies, and are employed by their Italian teachers to obtain incriminating information about teachers of Tyrolese origin or about their own parents. A close observer has given it as his considered opinion that "of all the results of the Italian occupation of South Tyrol the worst is the demoralization of the children's characters. They are bribed to tell lies. A nation of liars is growing up; our children are being

Italian Activities

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taught to be deceitful; they are shamelessly used for purposes of prosecution."' The teaching of German is strenuously suppressed, and the same Quaker correspondent cites the case of a German teacher of eighteen years' standing who was not permitted to give his seven-year-old son lessons at home, though he (the father) held a certificate for proficiency in Italian.

The outcome of the Turati trial, however, puts the Fascist dictatorship in a more attractive light. Although the public prosecutor demanded five-year sentences and twenty-thousand-lire fines for seven men who helped the persecuted deputy to flee the country, the judges returned a verdict of only ten months in jail. An eyewitness of the trial described its closing scene as follows: 'There was a burst of clapping, shouts of "Viva! Viva!" The prisoners, bewildered, half dreaming, were shaken by the hand again and again. Everyone was shaking hands with everyone else. "Are you happy?" asked the guards. "Are you happy?" asked everyone. The Fascist lawyer burst through like a tornado, eyes shining. "By my faith as a Fascist, I rejoice," he cried, and disappeared.' Eight of the ten months had already expired, and in letting the prisoners off so easily the judges may have jeopardized their future careers.

Pester Lloyd prints with evident relish a dispatch from its Bucharest correspondent indicating that Rumania is indignant because Italy did not back her up at Geneva in her dispute with Hungary. Bucharest gave every evidence of alarm when Bethlen and Mussolini concluded their treaty of friendship last spring, and *Indépendance Rumaine*, a semiofficial organ, asserts that the recent exhibition of Italian perfidy shows that these fears were justified. Needless to say, neither Italy's treaty with Hungary nor her treaty with Rumania called for any such coöperation as Bucharest seems to demand.

Sir Austen Chamberlain's little interview with Primo de Rivera started many tongues wagging, and encouraged suspicions of further Tory agreements with the forces of European reaction. Actually, however, it seems more probable that the status of Tangier was their chief topic of discussion, with possibly a few references to the high Spanish duties on British steel.

Russia

One of the more picturesque rumors originating in Geneva refers to the possibility of Russia joining the League of Nations. Moscow has already considered establishing an official observer at League headquarters, but the prospect of further coöperation, involving as it would concessions on both sides, cannot be seriously entertained quite yet. That such rumors should circulate only goes to show that Russia realizes the failure of its recent foreign policy, the unlikelihood of world revolution, and the necessity of consolidating present gains by cultivating good relations with the outside world, on which the country has found that it must depend.

Japan and Manchuria

'Baron Tanaka has sown a positive policy in Manchuria and reaped a boycott,' says the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, summing up Japan's present predicament in Northeastern Asia. In China this 'positive policy' was at once interpreted as a renewal of the Twenty-one Demands and a sure indication of Japanese determination to annex Manchuria. The *Japan Advertiser*, however, finds that the policy simmers down to two modest items — first, that Japan will not permit the spread of civil war in Eastern Inner Mongolia; and, second, that at some future date she hopes to request the Chinese authorities to grant Japanese subjects the right to own land.

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Unquestionably the Mukden Government has sanctioned the boycott and agitations, but its purpose in doing so remains obscure. Chang Tso-lin, the local war lord, has been the proverbial friend of Japan, and his apparent change of heart may be his way of showing Tokyo the value of his friendship. To Russia, on the other hand, it gives hope that the Japanese and Chang are not so close as had been supposed, and one Japanese paper suggests that the hostile Manchurian attitude may have the surprising effect of bringing Moscow and Tokyo closer together. An agreement between the Japanese South Manchurian Railway and the Chinese Eastern Railway has been rumored, as well as more far-reaching negotiations with Moscow to define future fields of influence.

With one million new immigrants having entered Manchuria during the past year, there should be enough profit for all parties concerned, and the only real problem would seem to be a tactical one. Five thousand miles of new railway will be needed within the next ten years to serve the fastest-growing country in the world, and, just as Tsarist Russia came to a satisfactory working agreement with Japan in 1905, Bolshevist Russia may make an equally wise arrangement to-day.

A Peking Press Scandal

The *China Weekly Review* prints a startling piece of information about the American press representatives in Peking. It seems that Mr. MacMurray, the United States Minister, had been following Jacob Gould Shurman's precedent in holding a weekly conference of Legation officials and newspaper men. Mr. MacMurray, however, introduced a novelty in the form of the representative of the British Reuter's Service, although the British Legation has never permitted American correspondents to attend its press conferences. Last spring Mr. Randall Gould, the Peking representative of the United Press Association, was informed that he would no longer enjoy the privilege of attending these conferences, and discovered that the American Legation had been displeased at some of the United Press news reports. 'Thus,' remarks the *China Weekly Review*, 'we had the strange situation existing whereby the correspondent of a great American press association was excluded from the privileges of obtaining news at the American Legation, while the American Minister was permitting the British Reuter's Service to send its representative.' When the United Press brought the matter before the State Department, telegrams were exchanged, Mr. Gould was readmitted, and the Englishman dropped.

Latin America

The Argentine's hostility to the Monroe Doctrine may well determine her to send a delegation to the League. Although she is a member of this body and pays her dues, she has not yet made up her mind to participate in the League's work. The prospect, however, of weakening the Monroe Doctrine looks so attractive that it may prove decisive where other considerations have failed. *Kölnische Zeitung's* Buenos Aires correspondent, who broaches this suggestion, adds his evidence to the already conclusive mass of proof of our unpopularity in South America. During the Sacco-Vanzetti manifestations and the preparation for the 1928 presidential elections this fact made more impression on him than anything else he observed. He also reports some ill-feeling against Italy as a result of Mussolini's policy in immigration restriction. The prospect of losing a valuable influx of cheap labor and of having to accept a much smaller number of immigrants who remain Italian citizens does not recommend itself to Buenos Aires.

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Credit Policies

A STRIKING illustration of the interweaving of domestic and international questions in these days of growing if reluctant intimacy among peoples was presented last September when our Federal Reserve Board ordered the Chicago Bank to reduce its rate from 4 per cent to 3½ per cent, to conform with that already established in the other districts, in order, as the New York correspondent of the London *Statist* wrote, 'to carry out an engagement made on its behalf, apparently, by the New York Reserve Bank's governor, during the past summer, to hold down money rates in this country at all costs.' The engagement referred to was presumably made when the banking heads of Europe and America conferred in New York a few months ago. Chicago's bank, the second strongest in the Federal Reserve system, resisted the order. It is a novelty for the West to champion dearer money and the East to demand cheaper money — in fact, it reverses the whole history of currency and credit controversy in this country. What are the grounds behind Chicago's protest and New York's insistence, and how are they related with the financial problems of the rest of the world?

Mid-West sentiment is doubtless colored somewhat by resentment of Wall Street domination, albeit via Washington, and by aversion to anything resembling trimming America's sails to European winds, irrespective of the immediate merits of the case. So far as the Reserve Board's policy is governed by crypto-inflationist motives — to boom stocks and boost prices for Eastern speculators and manufacturers — under the guise of stabilizing world economy, it is unwelcome to the sober business sense of a community whose recent experience makes it associate just such policies with agricultural depression and a worsening of its position relatively to other sections of the country. Moreover, the hard-pressed prairie farmer, who conceives the measure as designed in some obscure way to keep the current of American capital flowing eastward across the Atlantic instead of in his own direction, is naturally prompted to reflect that charity begins at home.

Financial logicians of a cosmopolitan caste of mind may consider such emotional responses unworthy of consideration in the higher realms of intellectual certitude in which they dwell, but these responses may none the less prove a powerful, if not a determining, factor in our foreign policies, both financial and political, before the next presidential campaign is over. Not that the original issue is likely to loom large in future discussions. Even a moderate outflow of gold, or a brisk demand for money to finance business recovery in the West, would probably compel the Reserve Board to restore the rate to its former level. Signs of a more active international gold market are already visible. Good harvests and higher prices for her produce have enabled Argentina to draw appreciable quantities from London and South Africa of late; India, notwithstanding the political controversies delaying the establishment of her new banking system, promises to require substantial sums for that undertaking; and Europe seems in the

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way of increasing her stocks faster than heretofore. Spain has even now three times as much gold in her coffers as she had before the World War.

Of course all countries, with the exception of our own, want more gold, and are only waiting until they can assert their desire effectively. We consult that wish of our foreign customers and debtors by lowering our bank rate. Can we be sure, however, that other countries will be equally benevolent if our positions ever chance to be reversed? A writer in the London *Statist*, in discussing an article in the Midland Bank's *Monthly Review* advocating an agreement between the Federal Reserve Board and the Bank of England 'to use their utmost powers to maintain the stability of the general price level of commodities enjoying a world-wide market,' asks pertinently: 'Would the Bank of England, in pursuit of an agreement to stabilize prices, be prepared to let its gold reserve fall to 100 million pounds sterling without raising the discount rate?' This writer also questions the ability of our Federal Reserve authorities to prevent a fall of the price level in America in the event of a substantial outflow of gold.

What chiefly alarms foreign editors is the possibility that decentralizing legislation, or executive policies enforced by party political considerations, may split our Reserve System into a number of nearly autonomous segments and make it impossible for the United States to pursue a unified and consistent foreign financial policy of any kind. Such a development would unquestionably injure our national prestige abroad in diplomatic and political as well as in business fields. The London *Economist*, while admitting that the discount policy of the Reserve Board 'has helped the situation' in England, and that this 'is a consideration to which American banking circles rightly attach very great importance,' argues that it is not the sole or even the most important factor in that policy. 'We need not take very seriously the cynical suggestion that at all costs a trade reaction is to be warded off until after the presidential election, and that the decision is a political one; for there is a simpler explanation in keeping with the policy which the Board has been evolving in recent years. Governor Strong explained to the Committee of Congress last year that the Board is endeavoring to stabilize conditions, and within limits it has undoubtedly achieved considerable success in this direction. But for some time past prices have been falling in a disconcerting manner. Moreover, there has actually been a setback in production, which is to-day a little lower than a year ago, and the possibility of further reaction in economic activity is by no means impossible. In the circumstances a dear money policy would be an abandonment of the policy of stabilization. It is contrary to the rules to give business a downward push when it is already sagging. Apart, however, from the issue of the moment, the quarrel between Washington and Chicago will be closely watched. Under the centralized system now in force, America has had great prosperity, and has discovered a way out of her very serious pre-war monetary difficulties. Moreover, it is only under a centralized system that coöperation on monetary policy with other countries is possible. It is extremely important, both to America and this country, that a way should be found of harmonizing local and Federal needs without reintroducing separatist tendencies.'

A surplus of iron weighs almost as heavily as a shortage of gold upon the business mood of Europe. Indeed, most of the raw materials and primary manufactures which the world was so

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solicitous to multiply during the war have become superabundant since hostilities ended. Coal, rubber, petroleum, foodstuffs, cotton, and just now even tin, which only yesterday was said to be a vanishing metal, are canvassing for takers. Chilean nitrates move only in response to a vigorous price-cutting policy. Several things account for this, among them the great expansion of production for military needs ten years ago, technical developments which have created new substitutes or augmented and cheapened output, and the shifting of the world's industries to the more recently developed countries. The manufacture of petroleum and its products from lignite and coal has advanced so far in Germany that transportation contracts have already been made, we are told, for quantities that represent about one third of the country's consumption. But to return to iron and steel: Great Britain, which seemed to have reached the peak of her production two or three decades ago, is now making more iron and steel than before the war, and yet her imports are far larger than at that time. Nevertheless, she exports less than formerly. Although domestic consumption has increased, her productive capacity has expanded far beyond her markets, limited as these are by the competition of cheaper foreign supplies. Price reductions, and the recently introduced rebates to customers who agree to take all their iron and steel from domestic makers, have not materially bettered the situation.

Overweight Industries

Meanwhile the Continental Steel Cartel pursues a stormy path, because it likewise has an abiding surplus for which to find an outlet. Nevertheless, bright visions hover before the eyes of its more enthusiastic champions, to judge from the following burst of prophecy from a German economic writer in *Vossische Zeitung:* 'The German, Belgian, French, and Luxemburg works belonging to the Steel Cartel control the richest, most extensive, and most inexhaustible deposits of coal and iron ore in the world. These deposits supplement each other perfectly in respect to both quality and quantity, and they are conveniently situated with regard to each other, so as to require very little transportation, and are close to great consuming markets. Should these works ever be amalgamated in a single productive organism, they could make iron and steel much cheaper than any other producers in the world. . . . Accordingly, the Steel Cartel will, though only gradually, evolve from a price-fixing and output-rationing body into a producing unit. Not until then will the irresistible competitive power of this industrial entity make itself felt. During the process of reorganization independent outsiders will still be able to survive and assert themselves. Once the reorganization is accomplished, however, their doom will be sealed.' The British will then be forced to come to terms with the Continental combine, in his opinion, and presumably our own steel makers will be compelled to do obeisance to their great overseas rival. May it not be, however, that the rival will be in part their own handiwork? That possibility is suggested, at least, by what has happened to the vast coal and coke interests of the late Hugo Stinnes, which came under American control a year ago, and which are said to embrace no less than sixty-seven distinct companies.

But dropping visions for sober reality, the Steel Cartel is by no means in smooth waters. Germany consistently exceeds her quota under the quasi-pool agreement, while France regularly falls under the quota allotted her. German works are therefore paying some five million dollars annually in penalties for

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overproduction, which sum they cheerfully pass on to German consumers, who are hemmed in by a lofty tariff wall, in the shape of an increment to domestic prices. But this is a burden that handicaps German machinery manufacturers and other users of raw iron and steel in their fight for foreign markets. Such a situation begets powerful enemies; the British are more inclined to hold aloof than ever; and when German domestic demand falls off, as it will at times, the overproduction penalties promise to make trouble.

Britain under the Weather

British business is whistling pluckily through the worst summer — for weather — the people have experienced for a generation. Politicians in office are professionally cheerful, and politicians out of office are professionally gloomy, over the country's industrial prospects. Unemployment is still above the million mark, as compared with a four-hundred-thousand level in Germany and some fifteen thousand in France, whose figures are not comparable, however, with those of her two neighbors. A better estimate is one that makes the relative ratios of idle workers to the total wage-earning population in the three countries, respectively, ten in Great Britain and North Ireland to three in Germany to one in France. Such approximations, however, are hardly an index of national prosperity. The British have a much larger estate to draw upon in restoring their shaken fortunes than have the Continental Powers. To be sure, the slump in rubber and certain other colonial products may reduce plantation dividends below their recent exceptionally high level. Certain African enterprises, in Nigeria and elsewhere, are not doing as well as was hoped. On the other hand, British corporations in South America and the Dominions, where business is beginning to recover from the effects of the post-bellum depression in produce prices, promise better profits than heretofore. Among the best-paying investments of the 'Selection Trust,' one of those world-exploring companies that flourish so numerously in London, are diamond mines on the Gold Coast that paid 70-per-cent dividends last year on a capital of about one and one-quarter million dollars. This Trust's far-flung enterprises include lead mines in Serbia and an interest in a corporation in Siberia, which is mining at a profit a complex zinc-lead-silver ore and doubling the capacity of its reduction works the present year.

France Takes Her Medicine

French industry and trade are by no means resilient under the pressure of financial readjustment. Foreign trade is falling off, although the country still records a surplus of exports. Collections from the sales tax and duties on Bourse operations have declined considerably from last year's figures. Railway car loadings have declined, and most industries are again shortening hours. Comparisons with the hectic activity of the inflation period are misleading, however; and the present 'semidepression' is explained by a financial writer in *Le Temps* as due to causes clearly associated with last year's abnormal conditions. The existence of large stocks of goods and materials bought during the cheap money period to escape the effects of further currency depreciation 'still burdens a large number of enterprises, especially in the textile and boot and shoe industries.' Heavy taxes are a more permanent drag upon business, 'the direct imposts upon manufacturing and commerce for the coming year amounting to at least five and one-half billion francs.' Political uncertainties, with a general election hanging like our presidential election in America across

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the road ahead, obscure the future and caution investors and industrial leaders to slow down. A German student of French conditions, writing from Paris to *Der Deutsche Volkswirt*, has this interesting contribution to make to the diagnosis of France's ailments: 'Her industries have grown so since the war that combination has become as much a life-and-death matter for them as it has become for those of Germany [and he might have added the United States at an earlier date]. But a glance at the tax laws shows that they make this utterly impossible. First, the transfer of real property is taxed 7 per cent, to which must be added some 8 or 9 per cent notary's fees. An increase of capital is taxed from 1 to 3 per cent, according to the period for which the company's charter runs. The issue of obligations again calls for payments to the Government — in case of mortgages, for example, 2 per cent. Share transfers are even more heavily burdened. Transfers of stocks on hand to a new corporation would be taxed 9 per cent or more, of factory buildings from 16.2 per cent to 17.45 per cent, and of machinery, patents, and the like from 10.2 to 11.4 per cent, the higher rates applying to all transactions exceeding half a million francs. These figures indicate how hopeless it is to try to combine a number of smaller undertakings into a large and economically working unit.'

The German Loan Question

Berlin is still divided into hostile camps upon the question of borrowing abroad, the psychology of the two groups respectively being somewhat similar to that of Greenbackers and specie-payment men in our country during the seventies, of free silver and gold men during the Bryan-McKinley Campaign — and shall we venture to say of three-and-one-half-per-cent men and four-per-cent men in Federal Reserve circles at the present time? Those Germans who want to boom the stock market, run industry on high gear regardless, and make business hum to-day for to-morrow we die, are calling for more money from America and any other trusting creditor who will give them easy terms. But those stern financial Catos who would fight the nation's economic battle on her own resources, as Old Fritz fought his armies on potatoes, would restrict drastically the inflow of foreign capital, and keep out of further debt as long as a single factory chimney smokes. So far the boomers seem to have had their way; fiscal regulations have been modified to encourage foreign borrowing, money is again coming into the country in heavy volume, and there has been a remarkable, though possibly temporary, revival of business activity. The number of unemployed has fallen from nearly 2 million last winter to about 400,000, car loadings have risen by one fifth as compared with a year ago, commercial credits have mounted from less than 2 billion to 3 billion marks, and wholesale prices, the cost of living, and wages have moved upward. The *Institut für Konjunkturforschung* estimates that the boom, while approaching its culmination, is booked to stay yet a little while. The number of workers employed is now 94 per cent of the total available in the country, as compared with 99 per cent in the most favorable periods before the war. But this revival has been financed by short-term foreign loans, interest rates for temporary accommodation have risen from less than 5 per cent to nearly 9 per cent, and the creation of new capital has not kept pace with the expansion of business. The London *Times* angered the more-money party in Germany last September by publishing a couple of articles cautioning lenders from putting too

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much credit at the disposal of a nation that is so heavily obligated under the Dawes Plan; and, indeed, some suspicious or perspicuous people see in all this haste to incur obligations to pay interest to private lenders in other countries a deep-laid Teutonic scheme to create a strong body of interested capitalists and bankers abroad who will fight for a downward revision of the Dawes payments in order to guarantee the payments due themselves. Be this as it may, the British are apparently as ready as we are to trust the Germans with their extra funds, provided the security is good, even when the money will strengthen industrial competition. An arrangement was concluded a few weeks ago by which British textile machinery manufacturers are to supply largely on credit within a limited period equipment to modernize practically all the textile mills in Germany, at a total cost of about one hundred million dollars. The procedure by which this will be accomplished, as reported in the English press, recalls some of the arrangements made with the Soviets for rehabilitating the factories of Russia, so systematic is the operation. 'German firms wishing to avail themselves of the British credit offers will forward their applications to a central negotiating bureau, which will cause projected transactions to be examined by experts, and will introduce any alterations or amendments which it thinks fit. The bureau will then negotiate directly with the British manufacturers. . . . Each German firm will estimate the sum required for the modernizing of its works, and when this figure has been examined by engineers and other experts offers will be made by the various English factories. On accepting one of these offers, the German firm will pay from 20 to 25 per cent of the total sum — this is only a general figure, the scheme being deliberately framed so as to be adaptable to individual needs. The rest of the payment will be made in quarterly installments extending over three or four years. The interest will be between 6½ and 7 per cent.' Evidently this prospective business was not taken into the reckoning when the forecast of British textile machinery exports quoted earlier was made.

Beyond Suez

India reports only a moderately good monsoon, but is assured against real dearth the coming year. The London *Statist* sees some compensation for the fact that even more favorable rainfalls did not bless the country in a corresponding moderation of the Indian population's capacity to absorb gold. 'A bumper monsoon might conceivably place so much purchasing power in the hands of the peasants of India as to embarrass seriously the central banks of the world.' A new version of the Yellow Peril! The Government has apparently decided to protect the Bombay cotton spinners against Japanese competition by a duty on coarse yarns. This will not affect Manchester goods, which will come in free because they are of finer numbers, but it has aroused a storm of protest in Japan. Mars and Mercury must have made an alliance at Shanghai, for, despite wars and tumults, blockades and boycotts, that port's trade, as indicated by customs collections, has been the greatest this year in its history. Both imports and exports — including those to other parts of China — have increased remarkably, and heavy arrivals of raw cotton from abroad and shipments of cotton yarn to other domestic ports register the unusual activity and prosperity of local spinning mills. Japan also has added to her cotton imports of late, especially from the United States, her takings from our

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ports having risen to well toward 1,600,000 bales out of her total consumption of nearly 4,000,000 bales. She still buys most of her cotton from India, though less than formerly, and a considerable amount from China. Although the volume of Japan's foreign trade has shrunk, she hopes this season to show a favorable trade balance, including invisible exports, for the first time since the post-bellum depression that began in 1921. Among recent large financial operations in that country is the Mitsui Bank's underwriting of over 35 million dollars of Osaka 6-per-cent municipal bonds, issued to refund existing electric power obligations.

Our Southern Neighbors

Renewed disorders in Mexico have naturally checked the reviving confidence in her business and financial stability that manifested itself both in this country and abroad when a prominent Wall Street man was appointed our Ambassador to her Government. A somewhat similar recovery of confidence in Brazil has been observable of late in London, following the pessimism engendered by her recent currency and exchange difficulties and the São Paulo rebellion; and a still more marked feeling is in evidence there that Argentina and Uruguay are on the eve of a new era of prosperity. Both the German and the British press are awake to these changed conditions. During the first half of the current year Argentina shipped abroad 4 million tons of produce more than during the corresponding months of 1926, and, though she did not secure quite as high prices as the previous season, her total income from this source increased. In fact, her added receipts from grain and provisions alone for that period were well over 100 million dollars gold. Railways are paying higher dividends, banks are doing a better business, and the spending power of the population is clearly greater in both of the last-named countries than it has been since the collapse of the war boom. Argentina's Government is considering a project to concentrate the frozen meat industry in the hands of a great coöperative, in which the present owners of packing houses — mostly American and British — shall be associated with stock raisers and the Government. It is proposed to accomplish this by having the live-stock men and the Argentine treasury buy up one half of the stock in the existing companies.

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HIGH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A FARRAGO OF POLITICS

ENGLAND AND ZIONISM [1]

DURING the Zionist Congress held in Basel a short time ago, the officers, bankers, labor leaders, and writers who direct the Zionist movement under the auspices of English imperialism disputed what constructive methods they should pursue. It seems that the Zionist movement is undergoing a crisis that all parties and groups have been compelled to recognize because the inhabitants of Tel Aviv, the leading city and largest community in Palestine, have been carrying out demonstrations against the executive power of the Zionist organization and against the English mandate authorities. These demonstrations are carried on by the labor guilds, who have become alarmed at the unemployment situation and have been helping the striking textile workers at Acre for many weeks. At the command of the English authorities a large body of police appeared in Jaffa and broke up the demonstrators with clubs and the butts of rifles.

These two occurrences throw light on the whole Palestine situation. The business methods of the Zionist colonists have brought the country to bankruptcy. A business crisis produced by the war has been aggravated by forced immigration and by the industrial backwardness and economic weakness of the country. It serves the interests of English imperialism to keep Palestine in the same primitive industrial condition that is maintained in the other British colonies, and thus it can be used both as a source of raw material for the mother country and as a market for its manufactured products.

To attain this purpose the English colonial authorities have adopted various methods. The Department of Export Trade, which receives its dictates from England, has denied the young Palestine industries any form of customs protection. As a result of this British policy the little Jewish craftsmen, merchants, and business men have been profoundly disillusioned. A trade treaty now in view between Syria and Palestine likewise serves the interests of the English motherland, and will paralyze a great deal of the textile and leather industry in Palestine, from which Syria has always bought freely. Then, too, as a result of the depression in the building trade, one brick factory after another has had to close.

Palestine's industrial production has decreased about thirty per cent in the last few months. Many business men are closing their factories and transferring their activities to Syria, and Zionist groups have also been compelled to diminish their production. The national finances are on the verge of bankruptcy. The national deficit, which had remained constant for some time, was announced at the Basel Congress as having risen to the unheard-of sum of twelve million marks.

More than eight thousand — in other words, more than a quarter — of

[1] By a Jerusalem correspondent, in *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *September* 15

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the Jewish laborers in Palestine are out of work. Immigration, which increased after 1921 and in 1925 reached the record figure of thirty-four thousand, seven hundred and twenty-four, has declined, and in the last few months only a few hundred people have entered the country. Obviously this shrinkage is significant. The number of people who are shaking the dust of their honored country from their feet steadily increases, and already exceeds the number of immigrants.

Many of those who were deceived by the demagogic phrases of the Zionist leaders when the country was opened up to Jewish immigrants are now quitting the stricken wastes of Palestine with a curse on their lips, and their disgust is reflected in the decay of Zionism all over the world. Whereas the 1921 Zionist Congress represented over one million Jews, the figure for 1927 sank to three hundred and fifty thousand.

In his opening speech before the Zionist Congress at Basel, the presiding officer, Mr. Weizmann, announced: 'The Jewish homeland of Palestine has become an established element in English policy.' Although this fact never was a secret, no prominent Zionist leader has ever before dared to express in such a categorical form the real character of this movement; and the pointedly hostile attitude of the Zionist Congress toward the Soviet Union reveals the same state of mind.

English imperialism has two interests at stake in the Jewish colonization of Palestine. In 1926 the English Governor-General, Sir Herbert Samuel, was replaced by Lord Plumer, commander of the English troops in Palestine and Transjordania. This indicated the increased strategic significance of Palestine as a military base for English activity in the East, and it has been developed with the greatest zeal to counterbalance the declining English power in Egypt. Flying fields have been constructed at Kalendia and Surafend, and another has been laid out at Haifa. More direct communications between Haifa and Bagdad and Mosul were put through, and strategic railways were extended to the southern border. Haifa will also boast a modern naval base. All these military preparations serve the same purpose, — to protect England's northwestern boundary in India, — and they are directed chiefly against the Soviet Union.

English imperialism also makes use of the Jewish colonization of Palestine to counterbalance the Arab nationalist movement. The population of Palestine is about eighty-five per cent Arabic. Of the eight hundred thousand hectares of cultivated land, the Jewish immigrants occupy about one hundred and twenty thousand. Over seventy-five per cent of the rest of the country belongs to some one hundred and twenty Arabian landlords, who work hand in glove with the Zionists to rob the peasants, while fifty-six per cent of the Arabian population owns but twenty-five per cent of the land. The petty Arabian farmer, or fellah, robbed of his land by the big landlords, is forced to go into industry or to till the soil at shamefully low pay. This Arabian proletariat is played off against the Jews as a method of keeping down the price of labor. A highly complicated system of special favors operates to keep the aristocracy of petty Jewish workers united against the Arabs. Whereas an Arab receives ten or fifteen piastres — fifty or seventy-five cents — for an eleven- or twelve-hour day of work, the Jewish worker gets thirty piastres for an eight-hour day, this pay being made possible by the Zionist fund.

The creation of an aristocracy of Jewish workers has accentuated the

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differences between the Jewish immigrants and the native Arab population, and frequently results in bloodshed, which is exactly what British imperialism needs to check the Arab independence movement. English bayonets are ostensibly drawn in defense of the Jews, but are actually aimed against the Jewish workers. The double front that reactionary Zionism maintains against both the Soviet Union and the Arab independence movement was acknowledged in terms of servile devotion by the English Colonial Minister, Mr. L. A. S. Amery, before the Zionist Congress.

The crisis in Zionist colonization, especially the growing lack of employment, is becoming the lever that will shatter the united front of Zionism. The deceived Jewish workers are beginning to understand the reactionary influences of Zionist demagogy, and are recognizing the Arabian proletariat and the plundered petty farmers as their class comrades and brothers in arms. While Dr. Berlin, the representative of the reactionary orthodox Jewish group known as Misrachi, was writing from Jerusalem to Basel abusing the ambitions of the Palestine workers and the counteroffensive strength of the democratic Zionist group, the Jewish workers in Palestine were assembling with their Arabian brothers in the streets and deciding to fight on their side.

This new revolutionary group of Jewish workers in Palestine proved itself so strong that the representatives of its twenty-five thousand members at the Amsterdam International decided at their last Congress in June 1927 to recognize the Arab workers for the first time. This organization, known as the Histadruth, is headed by some of the leading Zionists, and had previously recognized the Arabs only as guests. At the same Congress another resolution was adopted to organize these Arab workers and to send a telegram of greeting to the Soviet Union. This message, however, was ruined by an objection, typical of the Second International, abusing the Soviet régime for its persecution of the Jews.

The increasing influence of the Palestine Communist Party has given the independence movement a mighty impulse. Independence committees known as Ehud-Clubs were founded, and in December 1926 they held their first Congress, attended by fifty-five Jewish and twenty-five authorized Arabian delegates. The chief work of this Congress was to further the reception of Arabian workers in the Trade-Union Alliance.

Against the united front led by the Fascist commander Jabotinsky and allied with the English imperialist interests, a new party is growing up in Palestine — a union of Jewish and Arab workers and peasants, directed against the Jewish and Arab exploiters and feudal lords, who have been joined together by the English imperialists.

THE OTHER PARIS PARADE[2]

[THE following extract from *Humanité's* account of the Communist demonstration at Clichy, while the Legion was parading in Paris, need not be taken as gospel truth, but it throws light on an important event that may not have been accorded sufficient attention in the daily papers.]

AT one o'clock in the afternoon serried groups of workers began flowing into the Boulevard Victor Hugo, surrounded by a sympathetic crowd. Ever since morning the greatest agitation had reigned unceasingly as Clichy showed its pride at receiving the Parisian proletariat.

[2] From *Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *September* 20

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The crowd swarmed around the Town Hall and around a little troupe of workers' children dressed in white with red *bérets*. At about quarter past two the first real procession, with music at its head, marched into Clichy, headed toward the meeting place.

By this time a compact crowd had pressed itself into the Boulevard Victor Hugo, the Rue du Cimetière, and the Rue du Chance-Milly, stretching from the Victor Hugo Circle to the Rue du Bois. One after another red banners and hundreds of placards with party battle cries written on them appeared under the gray sky. Everyone took his place and awaited the moment of departure. In the meanwhile, far away in Paris, the sidewalks were overflowing with another crowd no less sympathetic and no less active, which would presently take its place in our ranks, after it had seen what was going on in the city.

At about three o'clock the long parade began to move, with a group of young men at its head, preceded by a mass of scarlet flags draped in crape and borne by Comrades Vaillant-Couturier, Auffray, Costes, Niles, and other members of the Committee of Action. They walked down the Rue de Paris, across the Place de la Mairie, along the Boulevard Jean Jaurès and the Rue du Landy, and finally reached the Boulevard de Lorraine, which leads directly into the Place Sacco-Vanzetti. Crowds on the sidewalk, held in check by our officials, and throngs of curious sympathizers cheered the manifestation, shouting 'Vive Vaillant!' 'Vive Auffray!' Attentive heads garnished the windows. No flags, only red banners, floated from many houses as a salute to the demonstration.

One closed store bore the following placard: 'Usually open on holidays, this shop is closed to-day, the nineteenth of September, to protest (1) against the so-called national fête, (2) against the Fascist masquerade of the accomplices in the assassination of Sacco and Vanzetti, and (3) against the expense of millions of francs paid by the taxpayers when the workers, the government employees, and petty merchants are crushed down with taxes.'

The lamp-posts were hung with crape as a sign of mourning, and opposite the Town Hall a big banner announced: 'To the Victims of World-wide Repression from the Grateful Proletariat of Clichy.'

Even the church was draped in black as a sign of mourning for the two dead proletarians.

On the Rue du Landy a group of men who were at work as a protest against the masquerade were cheered to the echo by the demonstrators. Everything passed off in good order, and the clash of cymbals alternated with revolutionary songs and cries of '*Amnistie! Amnistie!*' The most impressive aspect of the whole parade was the quiet dignity of the crowd.

Numerous sympathizers had already arrived at the Place Sacco-Vanzetti. At half past two, before the parade had even begun to march, three or four thousand people had already gathered, and since that time the number had grown unceasingly. At each of the four corners of the square a white placard draped with mourning proclaimed in black letters: 'Place Sacco-Vanzetti.' The kiosk with the theatre advertisements on it was draped in red, and a platform hung with the same color and equipped with two loud-speakers faced the Avenue Gambetta. On either side of this platform two great placards were erected, one of them being a picture of Sacco and the other a picture of Vanzetti as they were revealed to us in their last photographs. As the people in the crowd passed these placards many of them took off their hats and clenched their fists.

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While the crowd was slowly gathering in the square, one of our Clichy comrades asked thousands of the people who were there to join the procession now filing through the streets of Clichy, and in this way to give the manifestation more force. The crowd quietly allowed itself to be directed toward the Rue de Paris by the Party guides. At this moment the group of red flags heading the parade swung down the Avenue Gambetta. Singing the *Internationale*, a black mass of workers began filling the Avenue Gambetta; and for two hours this flood marched into the Place Sacco-Vanzetti. The whole length of the Avenue Gambetta was full of demonstrators.

Vaillant, Costes, Arrighi, Auffray, Niles, and a number of other militants mounted the tribune, behind which a mass of red flags had been arranged. The crowd of workers constantly filed past from right to left, in groups of ten thousand, and slowly ranged themselves about the tribune. The *Internationale* kept rising from all corners of the square, and people shouted 'Vive Sacco! Vive Vanzetti!' as they passed the pictures of the two martyrs, and the cry '*Amnistie! Amnistie! Amnistie!*' was repeated a thousand times by a thousand throats.

The human sea grew unceasingly. An hour had passed since the first group arrived, and still they came. At half past four Auffray made a gesture asking the demonstrators for silence. This innumerable crowd required more than one central tribune for its speakers, and other meetings were therefore improvised. Climbing on the tops of taxicabs, the orators of the Committee of Action addressed their words to this vast vibrating mass of humanity as it continually applauded and sang the revolutionary hymn. Among those present was Roger Baldwin, member of the American Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, bearing his homage to the two victims and his greetings to the Parisian proletariat.

The police did their best to create unpleasant incidents, but the coolness of our comrades prevented trouble, and none of the people arrested were held. Two young workers selling insignia were seized by two of the brutal officers, but before they could lead our two young comrades away the crowd of workers came to their rescue, while the policemen beat a precipitate retreat.

At six o'clock, as the demonstrators were finally dispersing, a group of workers peacefully entered the subway station at Brochant, while a taxi decorated with French and American colors whirled by.

FROM SOCRATES TO SACCO[3]

MANY journalists have told us during the last few months that the Sacco and Vanzetti case will take rank as 'an historical trial.' After reading *Historical Trials*, by Sir John Macdonell, edited by R. W. Lee, I am rather surprised to find that the trial of the two Italians in the United States has indeed many of the characteristics of cases which have become historical. The book is extremely interesting. The late Sir John Macdonell was a distinguished lawyer, being King's Remembrancer and Senior Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature. During 1911–1913, as Quain Professor at University College, London, he delivered a course of lectures, now for the first time published in book form. In them he discussed the following eleven trials: Socrates, the Knights Templars, Jeanne d'Arc, Giordano Bruno, Mary Queen of Scots, Galileo, Servetus, Catherine of Aragon, Sir Walter Ra-

[3] By Leonard Woolf, in the *Nation and Athenæum* (London Liberal literary and political monthly), *August* 27

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leigh, Trials for Witchcraft, and Les Grands Jours d'Auvergne. He examined the cases, of course, from the point of view of a lawyer, being chiefly concerned with legal procedure and whether or not the prisoners were legally guilty of the crimes of which they were accused. But this is exactly what gives the book its value and interest; one wants guidance as to the technical legal aspect of these cases, of whose historical and ethical aspects one can probably judge for one's self.

It is almost impossible not to feel, after reading this book, that 'the law' is a horrible thing, a terrible engine that has been used at all times by those in power to butcher unfortunate people whose opinions they have not liked or whose existence has been politically inconvenient. In four out of these eleven cases the accused was tried for holding an opinion, and three ended in conviction and execution. In one series, the witchcraft trials, everything turned upon the grossest superstition, and the cases practically always ended in conviction and execution. Five out of the eleven cases were purely 'political,' and they all ended in conviction and execution, except that of Catherine of Aragon, who, happily, was only a party in a divorce suit and could not therefore be executed. In only one instance, that of the Grands Jours d'Auvergne, were the accused in any real sense 'criminals.' But even that is not the worst. There is hardly a single case in which Sir John Macdonell can find that the accused person got a fair trial or that the law, such as it was at the time, was properly administered. None of the political prisoners got a fair trial. There was no real evidence that either the Knights Templars or Jeanne d'Arc or Mary Queen of Scots or Raleigh had committed the crimes of which they were accused. Their conviction and execution were demanded for 'reasons of State,' and in each case the judge paid little or no attention to evidence or law, and complacently brought in the verdict desired by those in power. These were judicial murders in every sense of the words.

The legal persecution of opinion is even more interesting and horrifying. Socrates, Giordano Bruno, Galileo, and Servetus were all tried for holding opinions distasteful to persons in their own day but for which the world now honors them. It is possibly not without significance that, of all the martyrs of justice whose cases are examined by Sir John Macdonell, Socrates, in a pre-Christian and pagan court, got the fairest trial. Sir John himself stresses the point. The prosecution and condemnation at Athens were, he says, 'at least done decently and in order, and with no desire to stifle the voice of the victim, and there are none of the circumstances of brutality which I shall often have to note in mediæval and modern trials.' He points out that, if Socrates had been tried by an ecclesiastical court, as were Bruno and Campanella, he would have been tortured, charged with sorcery or magic, 'cut off from his disciples, and delivered over, shattered and crushed in body, to the civil power to be burned.' If he had been tried in England at any time before the middle of the nineteenth century, his treatment would have been hardly better. Certainly Socrates had a far fairer trial than Bruno, Galileo, or Servetus. Guilty or not guilty of heresy, the doom of these three men was sealed as soon as they fell into the hands of the law. The case of Servetus is probably the most abominable, for, as Sir John Macdonell says, Calvin was himself a trained jurist, and it is hard to believe that he 'did not see that he was the prime mover in proceedings hopelessly irregular.'

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Since nearly every one of these famous trials was unfairly and barbarously conducted, before a judge who disregarded the facts, the evidence, and the law, and since they ended in convictions which were legally unjust and morally unjustifiable, one cannot help wondering whether these are the characteristics which make trials historical, or whether the same characteristics would be found in many of the trials that are obscure and forgotten. It is not a comfortable thought. There are many people, as the columns of the *Nation* have recently shown, who consider that it is a particularly heinous kind of lese majesty to question the complete impartiality of judges. I cannot understand this attitude in anyone who is not a judge or the most conservative of Tories. If our judges are completely impartial, they are the only judges in the world who have ever been so. That, in itself, would make one begin to hesitate. But justice never has been and is not even-handed in cases where religion, patriotism, politics, or class interests enter. A man may be murdered judicially in Russia or Italy to-day as effectively and ruthlessly for his politics as was Mary Queen of Scots or Raleigh. We have seen the Dreyfus case in France and the Sacco-Vanzetti case in America. It is not, I think, merely national prejudice which makes one believe that the standard of judicial impartiality is higher and that none of these cases could occur in a British court. But that does not mean that every British judge is perfect. There are one or two judges on the English Bench who could not be trusted to give a fair trial to, say, a Communist or an Indian Nationalist, or, indeed, to any 'agitator.' The administration of our blasphemy laws is a recurrent scandal. And the moral is that the law should be given as little say as possible in matters of politics and opinion.

FEISAL BEY AND THE WORLD WE LIVE IN[4]

[THE editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* prefaces this article with the following statement: 'Our readers are already familiar with the Major, who is still representing Sultan Qaiti of Hadramaut in Berlin, and here he has given his impressions of our city to his immediate superior. We received the copy of this letter from our Southern Arabia correspondent, and publish it with a few omissions and abbreviations.' *Living Age* readers may decide for themselves how literally this should be taken.]

MY teacher and friend, master and son of a master, prince and son of a prince, Emir Sayid Muhteddin of Abdurrahman el Abd-el-Kader, learned and blossoming branch on the tree of Islam —

Peace!

I have received your letter, O Sayid, and thank you for having put to flight all those foul rumors at the Court of our master, Sultan Qaiti — those rumors concerning my residence in Berlin that evil men had set in circulation. You have informed His Highness in an incomparable fashion how difficult it is to purchase a German week-end house suited to Arabian needs, and verily I have searched for two moons and have not yet found anything that is worthy of my master's minister, his emissaries, and their wives. But in the meanwhile I have made progress in the art of the German speech, and lo, the land is beautiful, and the people are friendly, and it is a joy to live in this country.

But my joy is not without sorrow, and wisely has the poet said: 'Let that man on whom Allah bestows joy bow himself in the dust and make atone-

[4] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *September* 22

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ment, for to-morrow he will be humbled.'

For behold, heavy sorrow and bitter anxiety oppress me as I write to you. For I have heard from wise folk that the Day of Judgment is not far distant. The world is coming to an end, and fiery horses gallop across the sky. The ground quakes and the water inundates the land, and Jesus the Son of Mary will soon call the living and the dead to judgment at the throne of El Kud, the Holy One.

Behold, O teacher, I write you what I have heard, and these are the facts.

You, O Sayid, who forget nothing in your wisdom, surely remember that flat-chested woman whom I met in that place that men call Luna Park. For behold, she has become my preceptor and I her scholar, and I learn a multitude of subtle words that are not in the speech of the Prophet — may Allah's blessing and grace be upon him! And this woman is with me in the morning and in the evening, when I arise and when I retire, and I learn enormously. And she is vastly stirred, and says that I am very talented and that I show great zeal.

And she reads to me from the newspapers, and she goes with me to concerts and to plays. But often, too, she goes alone. Yesterday she visited me early. She had been to a meeting of howling dervishes. They call themselves dervishes, but they are really white men, and they receive their ideas from a book. Yet millions believe in them. And they hold to something very like the true doctrine of Islam, and they preach Allah. And the woman wept, and said it would be useless to teach me any more German, for the world is coming to an end, and many who are living to-day will never taste of death.

In truth, I rejoiced, and I said that it was excellent, since no one wants to taste of death, for it is bitter as quinine. 'But,' I inquired, 'how can the world come to an end if there is no death?' And she instructed me and spoke, and, behold, this is the secret of secrets that the leader of this order of dervishes had learned from his book. And it is written that some men will disappear from the face of the earth, and others will live and not die. And I was amazed at the false belief of this poor woman, who did not know that no living man can be brought before the justice of Allah save only Jesus the Son of Mary. But she told me that it was written in her book, and that the day was coming soon. And people had prophesied earthquakes and tidal waves, and had said that Death would come with a great scythe, and that all the islands would be inundated, and that the water would flow everywhere, and that the great men would fall like mountains, and that disease would come — and then the end of the world.

And I laughed and said: 'The earth always quakes, and great men are always falling, and disease always infests the world.'

But the woman who had listened to the preachings of these Berlin dervishes laid the newspaper before me on the table — and behold what was written! Cyclone catastrophe in Japan, a tidal wave on an island called Kyushu — only its name is gracious. And hundreds of fishing boats were sunk, and a whole city was destroyed. And the earth quaked in Crimea and the Caucasus; and the earth quaked the same day in Turkestan. And there is cholera in Irak, and there is cholera on the Yangtze. And in Russia there are misery and hunger. And in the city of Geneva there is disarmament.

And in truth these are the signs of Allah to all believers. And I began to reflect, and the woman spoke to me and

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said: 'This is only the beginning; this is only in one newspaper, on a single day. But all the newspapers are full of such terrible news, and the German people reads nothing else, because it is preparing itself for the end.' And she read me the headlines from the papers one after the other: 'Destruction in Taysan,' 'New Earthquakes on the Black Sea,' 'The Woman Murderer of Juist,' 'The Crack in the Earth's Crust,' 'Death on the Scharmützelsee,' 'The New Taxi Rates,' 'Street Car Strike in New York,' 'Pestilence in Athens,' 'Disaster in Yugoslavia,' 'Family Tragedy in Schleswig,' 'Uprisings in Mexico,' 'Strike of Postal Employees,' 'Thirty-eight Robbers Hung.' And truly, he who has eyes to see, let him see, for the end of the world is near at hand.

And I said, 'By Allah, this is very serious and important.' And she went on and told me about the earthquakes in Japan a year ago, and about the famine in India and in Russia, and about the rebellion in Turkey, and about the German revolution, and the World War, and the return of the Jews to Palestine, and Kaiser Wilhelm's marriage to a lady who writes articles for the *Saturday Evening Post* with photographs. And behold, just as the Caliphs of Bagdad — may Allah's peace be with them! — used to bestow gold on their poets, so this journal, the biggest journal in America, gives gold to the wife of the German Kaiser for her stories and fables.

And when I heard this my heart sank within me, because a Kaiser who had visited Damascus and the Holy Mountain of Jerusalem and had been the ally of our master the Caliph — may Allah's peace be with him! — had made himself conspicuous before all the world and had married one of those women who sing of their experiences before unbelievers and write books that are read by foreign people. And all my limbs shook, and I prostrated myself before Allah, and gave alms, and made atonements, and said: 'Truly Allah has set forth tokens for those who will see them, and warnings for those who believe. And the earth is trembling, and the sea is rising, and storms destroy cities, and sickness devours men, and the German Kaiser has married a journalist. Believers, repent, for the end of the world is at hand!'

And behold, O teacher and friend, I write this to you that you may be warned, and may not appear in all your sin on the day when Hell is let loose and the seven walls of Allah arise. Do good deeds, and give alms plentifully, for in truth the trumpet will soon sound.

I shall hasten to purchase a week-end house. I also repent, and will not stay very long in Berlin, for according to the leader of these dervishes there are very few holy people here, and in the place where I am staying now almost none at all.

But all goes well with me, and I hope that you, O Emir, are sound and contented, and that your camels are increasing, and that your righteousness grows. How is your horse Barak? If it bears a young one, think of me, and I will buy it if it be a mare.

Allah's peace be with you, and may He give you His blessing!

Your scholar and servant,

HADSHI FEISAL BEY

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AMERICA AND OURSELVES [1]

BY JOSEPH BARTHÉLEMY

[THIS article, based on André Tardieu's recently published book, *France and America*, is written by the Vice-President of the Commission for Foreign Affairs in the French Chamber of Deputies.]

THE history of the relations between France and America is a history of natural, spontaneous friendship, whose practical difficulties a great number of people ignore. M. Tardieu has served the cause of this friendship well by discussing our common interests, and even by finding himself a little thwarted by certain obstacles.

In the first place, it is hard to imagine two nations more different from each other. Here we have inherited stability; there the caravans move unceasingly toward the West. Here instinct reigns; there will power governs. Here modest means are passed from generation to generation; there conditions of life are insecure and unequal in the extreme. Here our cities, formed by centuries of evolution, have been brought closer to each other by the railway; there the railway has created the cities. Here we feel ourselves profoundly conditioned by history; there the cry is, 'Let the dead bury their dead,' for the only history America possesses is a venerable tradition incarnated in a few families dating back to Colonial times, who live on the Atlantic seaboard and contemplate with stupefaction the colossal development around them. Here our peasants form the backbone of the nation; there they have no peasants. Here everything is immobility; there everything is movement.

It is difficult to imagine a more absolute difference than that between the fundamental national traits of the two peoples. France is attached to the land. The phenomenon of families proudly working the same piece of earth for centuries is unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. Again, French soil has always lain at the mercy of the invader. Some of our farms and cities have been destroyed several times over within less than a century, but on each occasion they have arisen from their ashes. Our peasant race has had to organize an army to defend a soil that needs more than farming to preserve it. The United States has never known this menace. It has had enemies, but has never suffered this form of anxiety. Up to 1913, when its people thought of war it was the Civil War, the War of the Secession. In France we have a mystical notion about our frontier. The frontier is something that becomes all the more dear and sacred to us as it is the more menaced, and it arouses a kind of emotion in the very depths of our being. In America the frontier is a limit, a customs barrier. To the American, defense of his territorial integrity is an empty concept. He does not know what it means to have a dagger at his throat, and he ignores the problem of security.

The history of France has been dominated by ideas and doctrines, or, if one

[1] From *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* (Paris Independent political-affairs monthly), *September* 10

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wishes to use more oratorical phrases, by passions and prejudices concerning liberty, equality, and authority. American history, on the other hand, emphasizes the economic problem. The great American Revolution was a matter of economics, having been provoked by protective tariffs and restraints of trade. The Civil War also was an economic matter, having been provoked by the problem of how the Western territories should be exploited. One would be misreading history to see in this duel of fifty years' standing a clash of two dogmas. Lately the economic problem has again asserted itself sentimentally in the Prohibition question.

When this question has been solved other economic matters will continue to agitate American political life — the gold standard, the railways, the trusts. While America was discussing such problems as these, France went through the Franco-Prussian War, the Commune, the Dreyfus affair, and religious disputes. Economics, which plays such an important part on the other side of the Atlantic, is virtually excluded from French political platforms.

We have, however, an important element here in which people in America are interested. America knows very little about religious disputes, for it has solved the religious question by complete freedom, by common rights and legislation, and the American cannot understand our religious battles.

All the political struggles of America have followed simple, clear, and permanent lines. The Democratic and Republican Parties have been able to cover the ground satisfactorily for more than a century. In France there are no parties. The Chamber includes a dozen political groups that do not begin to embrace the infinite varieties of French opinion. The American does not understand this, and surveys us with a smile not quite free from pity.

Just as America knows nothing about battles or wars for territorial integrity, so has she not suffered any struggles for political liberty. When the Pilgrims sailed on the Mayflower they carried their old British liberties with them, and found no central power over there to dispute them. They had only to make a contract among equals. Modern France has been built up by slowly seizing fragment after fragment of liberty from the central power which the king used to incarnate. To balance royal sovereignty Rousseau outlined a military machine expressing the sovereignty of the people. Americans have no need for that kind of dogmatism. Every treatise on French constitutional rights hinges on questions of sovereignty. An American book of government immediately begins with a study of the President, the Senate, the House, and the Supreme Court.

France was built up on the basis of central power, and local liberty, corporate liberty, and individual liberty followed. America started with individual liberty, and then created the city and the state, to which she finally entrusted executive power.

These divergent evolutionary processes have produced equally divergent consequences. America is profoundly decentralized. The citizen of the United States is first of all attached to his city, whose affairs are administered with complete liberty; next his loyalty goes out to the state, which possesses all the equipment of sovereignty, and finally to the Union as the sovereign power in international relations. France, on the other hand, is profoundly centralized.

The Frenchman has created his liberty by seizing it from the hands of authorities already in existence, which explains his opposition to any form of power. The American, on the other hand, is a loyalist. His resolutions are conservative. He respects power, for

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he has created it with his own hands.

The Frenchman, having won his liberty from lords and kings, believes that once the tyrants have gone to their tombs these liberties will have nothing to fear from the sovereign people. The American, on the other hand, believes that the majority can exercise a tyranny just as dangerous as that enforced by a single man. The majority expresses itself in the Legislature, but to guard himself against oppression the citizen has created the Constitution, a superior body of rules which the judicial power is bound to respect and enforce. In France law is the supreme expression of right. France and America are both democracies, but democracies of a profoundly different sort.

The American people, a young race in a new country abounding in resources and wealth, marvels at its own prodigious development. It is the only country whose population in the last few decades has grown to over one hundred millions. It is rich, powerful, and prosperous. Because it is not bound down by history like the Old World, it has come to believe that it owes its prosperity to its own virtues and individual qualities. It might be added that, during the fourteen stations of our constitutional Calvary, America has continued to take shelter under the constitutional construction erected in 1787, and that it has not emerged from this shelter except to create a number of amendments. From this prosperity, this continuity, and this wisdom in having found at once the best form of government, the American people have conceived an incommensurable and unhealthy pride. 'America,' said Walt Whitman, 'is the continent of glories.' Woodrow Wilson said that American life was prophetic for all humanity.

This chosen people, this good grain that the divine sieve sowed on the promised land, should be the model for the whole world. Emerson proclaimed that America ought to be the legislator of the world. Hence arises the American's feeling that he must utter in imperial tones advice that no one has ever asked for. 'You have an army,' he says. 'Do as we do, and give it up.' But since logic is not strong in America, she pretends that her reason for having a better fleet than France is that she has to confront the Japanese and the Australian menace on the Pacific, and perhaps the English menace; and that, after all, naval militarism is not real militarism — that real militarism, the kind that one should be ashamed of, is army militarism, other people's militarism. The American will also add that we do not pay enough taxes, that we spend too much money on luxuries, and that we do not impose enough sacrifices on ourselves. In short, France is no longer as popular as she once was. It may also be added that the American is full of reforming spirit. He has revolted from the Renaissance, since it was a return to the graces of classic antiquity, and to his puritanism the graces and elegances of French life appear reprehensible. In judging other people's behavior the American brings to bear a professional assurance and a prophetic spirit that would irritate us a little if we failed to see the exceptional virtue that animates him.

In the light of these fundamental divergencies we can explain the recent past, search for the solution of present difficulties, and to a certain degree prepare ourselves for the future.

America went to war. This was a formidable event, because in order to embark upon it she had to resign herself to all those methods she had reproached and repudiated at home — intervention, mobilization, and conscription.

What force, then, enabled her to surmount such obstacles? It would be un-

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grateful and untruthful to say that self-interest alone carried the day. Here again the sentimental element affirmed itself, opposing, as it often does, political facts, but also to a certain degree provoking them, and in any case crowning them. Before the American nation officially went to war, America clearly revealed where her sympathy lay. We could not for a single instant be so shameful as to forget the aid that the American Field Service and the Lafayette Escadrille bore to us. Thousands of Americans enrolled under French colors, and what can we reply to the question that M. Tardieu asks with his usual frankness: 'If America were menaced, would France do as much?'

When war was once declared it was a real war, a war not only to end war, to save liberty and democracy, but still more a war for France. This sentiment burst forth in the frenzied acclamations extended to Joffre and in the atmosphere of ardent sympathy that surrounded Ambassador Jusserand. It is continuing, as these lines are being written, in the visit of thirty thousand members of the American Legion to their French comrades.

Sentiment exists and plays its rôle, but it would not be fair to believe that it is alone enough to determine a nation to make such a formidable effort as America did in the last war.

Abstention from world affairs, consistent neutrality, horror of war, and dislike of foreign entanglements have been the fundamentals of American political tradition. They were respected with a kind of religious fervor during the first years of the war while France was being crucified. Without question we know that Woodrow Wilson's own feelings leaned toward the French cause, but he refused in his official capacity to judge the conduct of Germany. It is not the function of one nation to judge another.

Neutrality was the fundamental dogma of all parties. Roosevelt was as firm for neutrality as Wilson, although French ignorance is pleased to salute him as a champion of intervention.

What makes national feeling difficult in the United States is that it really is not a nation in the sense that the word is used in an old Western European country like France. The descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims have been submerged in a flood of immigrants from all parts of the world. These immigrants have become American voters, and have broken their bonds with the countries from which they came, but they have not severed all their sentimental attachments. They have not even quite banished the idea of returning to Europe again — either they themselves or their descendants. It is said that the most important German city in the world is Chicago. In this composite yet divided nation the foreign vote would check any government that wanted to interfere in European affairs. It is a serious matter that the American masses contain so many hyphenated elements — German-Americans, Italian-Americans, Irish-Americans, and the rest. But there are no Franco-Americans; French blood does not flow in the United States, and, what is more important, it does not flow in the veins of public officials chosen by the ballot. These are essential facts of considerable weight in the solution of all problems pertaining to war and peace.

Germany knew this. She exploited these elements. Fortunately, she overreached herself.

Officially, the American Government did everything in its power to observe the strictest kind of neutrality. Wilson was elected to keep his people out of war, and it is a unique historical paradox that every time America has been engaged in a great war she has had a

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pacifist president. Wilsonian neutrality was so strict that it almost seemed as if he discriminated against the Allies. Every severe note to Germany was accompanied by a bitter note to England. And since these appeals for the rights of neutral nations were necessarily answered by open menace or concealed threats, the logical result would seem to have been that America would eventually have to declare war on both the Central Powers and the Allies.

Since some way had to be found out of this perilous situation, and since the American conscience, whose delicacy and scruples are well known, was alarmed at having done nothing to put an end to the carnage desolating Europe, Woodrow Wilson attempted to assume the grand and perilous rôle of mediator. He invited the belligerents to define their aims in the war, and he hoped, although it was a delusion, that when the people saw the disproportion between the aims in view and the sacrifices suffered the war would end of its own accord.

There is a Corsican saying that when one party collapses there is always an opposition party to take its place. In the United States there are only two parties, and when one adopts a platform the other automatically adopts the opposite platform. This may not be a very good idea, but it is the unavoidable result of the electoral method. What is more, when domestic difficulties subside party opposition expresses itself in international matters, with no regard to justice, logic, or respect for previous declarations.

The Republicans were originally the most ardent promoters of the League of Nations; they were the most severe opponents of the shamefulness of making a separate peace. But in order to oppose Wilson and the Democrats, they took up the exact opposite of their previous attitude, and when one stops to consider American traditions one is obliged to admit that the procedure was quite regular.

What astounds us, however, is the monumental error of French opinion. In the course of this struggle, during which it could have remained a spectator, it took the side of the Republicans against the Democrats. This was not only inexcusable ingratitude to Wilson; it was also extremely foolish. We succeeded in forming a body of American opinion opposed to us. The Republicans will remain hostile to us because political necessity obliges them to accept a contradictory programme; the Democrats will become our enemies, or at least will be indifferent, for the excellent reason that we misunderstood their aims.

The sum total of French mistakes is unfortunate, impressive, and instructive.

Ignorance explains them — profound ignorance. But such ignorance is not monopolized by either side of the Atlantic. M. Tardieu mentions a number of important Frenchmen who believed that the President of the United States was chosen by Congress, and that his ministry is responsible to the two Chambers. At the time of the Armistice I had the unforgettable honor of explaining the elements of French public life to seveal hundred mobilized American jurists seated before me in the Faculté de Paris. When the American authorities invited me to give this group a written examination, after which they were to be sent from Paris to a provincial camp, I was surprised to read in at least thirty examination books that the French Senate was composed of representatives of the nobility, the clergy, and the big property holders. This was not merely ignorance; such a mistake is inspired by the kind of prejudice that denounced France as an old reactionary country, and since that time the gulf

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between us has not stopped growing.

Circumstances prevented the French point of view from being perfectly understood at the Washington Conference. Our policy in Turkey seemed to be breaking the solid Christian front that means so much to Americans. They could not forget that France had abandoned Christians and taken the side of the Turks. Yet they could forget that America, in spite of its resources of money and idealism, refused to bother with the Armenians. Our policy in the Ruhr, interpreted by a propaganda admirably organized in Germany, turned American sentiment still more against us; and last of all the debt problem has embittered their feelings still further.

An electoral issue has now been created. The party that succeeds in having the debts paid will reap glory, for it will be assuring the veterans of their bonus and lightening the burden of taxes.

In this debt dispute France missed her opportunity completely. She confined herself to hurting America's feelings, and scorned arguments that carried weight. We ignored the innumerable statements by American politicians who declared against our having to repay cash advances extended to us in order to save American lives. We did not insist enough on the official documents in which debts and Reparations are identified. France is engaged in paying three billion dollars, and with America's assistance she ought to get thirty-two billion from Germany. But these obligations should not hold, because, owing to the United States, the German debt is reduced by three quarters.

The reconstruction in the devastated regions has provided a new cause for American ill-feeling against France. In the first place, America would have been proud to make use of her formidable industrial and financial mechanism and to carry out this reconstruction work herself. Our authorities refused such offers for fear of strikes, lockouts, and social difficulties. America was disgusted with our protectionist reconstruction policy.

Here is something more serious still. The American has succeeded; he likes success and efficiency, and naturally inclines toward them. Without Allied assistance, even without assistance from Germany, France is the one country that has performed a magnificent achievement. She has reconstructed whole villages, factories, thousands of farms, bridges, viaducts, works of art, roads, and railways running for hundreds of miles. She has brought to life an assassinated country that seemed quite dead. Any other nation that succeeded in accomplishing such an incomparable *tour de force* in so short a time would be proud of its achievement. Not so France. She suffers from the incorrigible mania of throwing light on her defects. In the case of reconstruction, polemics have concealed the grandeur of our accomplishment and have thrown into relief certain excessive indemnities and the abuses of certain profiteers. How can the Americans be expected to see these things more clearly than the French themselves? Even the astounding reconstruction of our ruins has not succeeded in gaining us the world's esteem.

Thus there is a profound and complete lack of understanding between the American and the French public. Although the gulf seems to have narrowed since the National Union has been running France, it exists none the less, and our first effort should be to eliminate it completely. We must put an end to mutual ignorance and mutual misunderstanding, for reason and experience still compel us to believe in the possibility of common, fruitful efforts by America and France.

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ARISTIDE BRIAND [1]

BY GEORG BERNHARD

A GOOD caricature should not be a distortion of the truth, but rather a revelation. The caricature of Briand by Kelen and Derso, two Hungarian artists, drawn on the menu used at a breakfast in Geneva for members of the League of Nations and accredited journalists, proves this statement. Here we see Mars being harassed by members of the League Council, who strip the god of his power at every turn. As they attack his armor with hacksaw, drill, and chisel the wreckage ascends to his helmeted head. But Briand disdains every weapon. He stands before the god with the impressive gesture of an orator and seeks to persuade Mars to commit suicide. Briand himself laughed the loudest over this caricature. If he were an authority on the German language and knew the poems of Schiller, he might have said: 'I have not yet tuned the delicate strings of the lyre to power.' But we saw at this breakfast how powerful the strings of the lyre of sentiment may become. Nobody who heard his speech could doubt that, if it were at all possible to talk the god of war to death and to bring about peace, Aristide Briand was the man to do it.

Aristide Briand! A name to conjure with. Parents should consider it, and should remember how many children are sent down the highway of life with a heavier burden. Seldom does a man enjoy the good fortune of having a name so perfectly adapted to the ways of the world, a name so easily remembered, and one affording its bearer an unconstrained introduction wherever he may go. Aristide Briand! Spoken by a Frenchman, these words dissolve in the mouth. They are sweet, alluring, ingratiating. One thinks of poetry, music, and heroic backgrounds. A troubadour could be so called.

When Aristide Briand rises to speak he observes the fully expected applause with the astonishment of a ten-year-old child, and begins his apparently impromptu speech. In referring to the relationship between diplomat and journalist he avoids politics, and need only lift his little finger to bring harmony out of strife. He believes in diverting enthusiasm for heroism and power into peaceful channels. But what Briand says is of little consequence. The charm of form is so overpowering that the hearer immediately forgets himself, and with horrified astonishment begins to laugh at a sarcastic, ironic, or humorous remark. Briand combines all the gifts and tricks of the orator. Other speakers may have a greater portion of some one quality, but Briand possesses them all, and he knows just when to bring each one forward.

In France Aristide Briand has ironically been called the Great Cellist. True, his voice rings with marvelous and resonant tones; but he does not confine himself to a single instrument. What he really plays is a pipe organ, and when he unlooses his ideas he

[1] From the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *September* 11

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knows how to use its complex register. He may play a simple, restrained melody, or he may open all the stops, tumultuously. Every oratorical gesture is at his beck and call. His face may wear a roguish grimace, or the fury of Jupiter, or the menacing attitude of Faust. He may stoop to the mere flicker of an eyelash, or he may take the bold attitude of accosting a woman on the street. Briand carries on the controversy as long as he can keep his audience spellbound. Tone and gesture convey his ideas to his hearers, and every factor combines in making a single grand impression. His strangely barbered head, engraved with the runic letters of difficult adventures, dominates his audience. His listeners include indifferent and skeptical diplomats and journalists, but they are swayed by his speech. They no longer examine the words of this man, but they perceive the deeper result which has been forged by the painful experience of a warm heart. They feel that the orator has put a new world into his phrases. Briand is a man of humor and cynicism, which he has had to develop in his contact with men. But when Briand speaks he is no cynic, and one feels that faith has subdued this flaw. He believes in himself, he believes in his speech, he believes in his word, and when he stands on the speaker's platform he stands before his God, who tells him what to say. When he speaks of the suffering of mankind in the war, we feel that an organ with all its stops open resounds throughout the great dome and the choir sings, '*Dies iræ, dies illa.*'

Everything cannot be described. At the Geneva press banquet three hundred men suddenly sprang from their seats, wildly clapping their hands, while the women deluged the great orator with flowers. Men of all nations wiped tears from their eyes.

The same drama was enacted at the League of Nations Assembly to-day when the French Foreign Minister gave his much-expected speech. In the press gallery were a few disdainful journalists who did not attend the banquet. To-day's address, although clear-cut and presented by a charming personality, was unlike the previous speech. Some days are better than others for artistic deliveries. I heard several people speak of the difference between the banquet address, which was probably an impromptu affair, and the address made to-day. Some people disapproved of its length, but it was a Schubert symphony, stimulating, yet abounding in quiet passages where the listener enjoyed a restful view from the heights. It is a shame that this speech should be torn from its atmosphere and taken down in stenographic notes to be sent out into the world of critics. But since it is a prepared speech, it must be measured by the yard.

This observer had previously prepared some minutes of the address, together with the extraordinary congratulations that followed. Prominent Germans in the gallery — fortunately not the official delegation — waited in the vain hope that the speaker would make a particular proposal concerning a very precise settlement of the suspended questions between Germany and France, or at least a direct reference to those questions. The freeing of the Rhineland and an unbiased agreement over the eastern boundary burns the German people to the soul. French statesmen like Briand fully understand the importance of coming to a conclusive understanding with Germany. The time will come when England and France must consider this important international problem, and in order to facilitate its discussion the German delegation, which knows as much about it as anybody, should not

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push matters and hinder the German Foreign Minister when he brings out these weighty points in his speech. But when we have seen the point of view of Briand and Chamberlain and have a conception of the Assembly's tone, it becomes apparent that perhaps this vexatious problem will be settled within the next year; and after these considerations Briand's speech takes on an entirely different aspect.

Briand made a set address. He advised small nations to be peaceful. He wishes to evolve a fundamental feeling of confidence, and he has little fear but that the Assembly will be able to handle the heavy questions now before it. His address was a masterpiece of propaganda for the League of Nations, and it cannot perhaps be appreciated until it is read and reread at leisure. The French Foreign Minister did not concentrate on fine oratory, though he knows when to use it to drive his point home.

I must not forget the German aspect of Briand's speech. He spoke of the great importance of the addresses at the next meeting, and of the stress that must be laid upon them — particularly as regards those of the German delegation. The whole first part of his speech focused attention on what Dr. Stresemann would say about economics and war. He hoped that the conclusion of the commercial treaty between France and Germany would bring the two countries much closer together. He spoke of the 'loyal guests of a great land,' and he put this compliment in a particularly advantageous part of his speech. Much could be said of his fine words, but it should not be forgotten that international conciliation is very important for Germany — that the way for Germany to succeed in the world lies in working loyally in the League of Nations with England and France. Perhaps this is impossible; yet the repugnance of the world for Germany gradually lessens, and when Briand helps us we should do nothing to hinder him. Thus a new Germany may return to a world that the old Germany so recklessly abandoned.

MARSHAL LYAUTEY SELF-REVEALED [1]

BY LÉON DE LANZAC DE LABORIE

HAVING published his intimate letters from Tonkin and Madagascar, written at the beginning of his colonial career, Marshal Lyautey has now brought out a selection of speeches he has made during the past quarter of a century, during which time he has been one of our foremost executives and one of our shrewdest politicians. To this collection he has given the happy title, *Paroles d'action*. M. Louis Barthou remarks in his judicious preface: 'Never a man to speak when he had nothing to say, this illustrious soldier testifies in these two brief words to the fact that his words are deeds.' In default of a real memoir, which would be so tremendously interesting, but which the

[1] From *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semimonthly), *September* 10

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Marshal does not seem to have decided to write, these pieces will have to serve. They are, as M. Barthou says, 'a lesson, an example, and an initiation.'

A speech made in 1926 reveals the lucky chance that turned Lyautey toward a colonial career after twenty years in metropolitan garrisons. While a devoted follower of Albert de Mun, he wrote an anonymous article entitled 'The Social Rôle of the Officer,' which won a wide success but did the author's reputation with the cavalry leaders no good whatever, and in spite of the excellence and abundance of his suggestions his advancement was blocked. General Boisdeffre, Chief of the General Staff, who wanted to help Lyautey, found this a good opportunity to send him to Tonkin for a few months, having explained that he had no idea of making him a colonial officer, since he was forty at the time and much too advanced in years. This appointment was to furnish a sort of alibi, and would serve to distract attention before he was sent to the United States to continue his career. The unforeseen element was that Lyautey, placed under the direct orders of Gallieni, succumbed at once to the fascination of the man whom he called 'the master of colonial masters.' His contact with colonial troops thrilled him with an almost religious emotion, which contrasted strongly with his feelings toward metropolitan France of 1894 and the years immediately following, when the country was infected with political, religious, and social divisions. In the colonies an atmosphere of agreement and conciliation prevailed, the common denominator of patriotism eliminated and absorbed everything else, and even the most fanatical sectarians were naturally impregnated with a certain kind of tolerance, though prejudices remained no less tenacious than they would have been in France. The great colonials have given their country this admirable overseas domain, while the metropolis has remained ignorant and has even tried to block the work, as if it were something to be ashamed of. After passing nine years in Tonkin and Madagascar, Colonel Lyautey returned to France, only to be told by another general no less well disposed toward him that he would have to stop touring the colonies and take up real military life again. Since Lyautey replied that being with Gallieni was the best school in the world, the Chief of Staff answered that Gallieni was an excellent prefect, that he created roads, plantations, and railways, but that he was certainly 'incapable of drawing up a tactical project.' Recalling this conversation in 1921, Lyautey, who had just been made a marshal, added: 'I don't know how thoroughly the tactical problems of September 1914 were worked out, but I believe that he was not a stranger to the safety of France and of Paris.'

During his five years in Tonkin, Commandant Lyautey was burdened with heavy responsibilities, but his chief activity was executing orders. He had promised always to be at Gallieni's disposal, and when that man summoned him to Madagascar to take charge of the southern part of the island for a short time and carry out an important work he had to pacify and organize an entire country and break what resistance remained.

It was at this time that the doctrine he had learned from Gallieni began to be reënforced and perfected by personal experience. It was an eminently supple doctrine, devoid of dogmatism. In one of his first speeches the commander of the southern part of the great island protested against the fetishism of intangible laws. 'To listen to the timorous worshipers of human legislation one might think that we

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were still living under the laws of Minos. 'Such people forget that we have all undergone Christianity, the most revolutionary movement that ever altered the face of the world.' He missed no opportunity to scandalize the champions of routine by applying Gallieni's favorite maxim: 'Our administrators and our officers ought to defend the interests confided to them in the name of good sense, and not oppose them in the name of regulations.'

To men of the new colonial school, the heirs to the legionaries of ancient Rome, 'a military colonial post is much less a barracks or a guard squad than it is a centre of diffusion for French influence, whose chief rôle is to protect railway construction, to assure commercial security, and to open up new regions for our economic penetration.'

Far from confining himself to one specialty, the real colonial chief, like every leader of men in this modern world, 'ought to keep his lamps trimmed for everything pertaining to the honor of humanity.' The uniform, 'hardly a uniform at all, but rather the clothing of a warrior or a pioneer, and not a parade dress,' is worn by men of different religions and different careers — officers on sea and land, civil administrators, doctors posted where they can do the most good; in short, by a varied group of men all working on the same task and trying to realize the same ideal.

Among the elementary principles of French colonial tradition are great good nature toward the natives and protection against pillage. When he took leave of the Betsileos, Colonel Lyautey promised them: 'The Hovas and the Sakalavas will never again come as they used to do and steal your cattle, your women, and your children.' Instead of imposing work on these people like punishment or servitude, he showed them that they were honored in France and in all civilized countries. 'The earth was only given to man as a field from which he draws most of the benefits. If it had been otherwise God would have bestowed the earth upon the animals.'

A legend born and propagated in certain political groups represents Marshal Lyautey as being hostile to European colonists. Hardly had he been invested with the command of Southern Madagascar than he declared to the inhabitants of Fianarantsoa: 'You gentlemen living here are our reason for being here. If France has spent both men and money in the course of the last quarter of a century and established one of the greatest colonial empires of the world, she has not done so merely to provide a field of manœuvre or to create colonies populated by petty officials; she has done this in order to open up a field of action to the most courageous of her sons and to create new spheres for their economic activity.' No one has given more magnificent praise to the early settlers of Morocco, who, instead of coming after military occupation, as was the case in Algeria, courageously preceded it, and plunged themselves into a country of chaos and anarchy. They took a new lease of life, and exhibited 'the virtues of tenacity, audaciousness, industry, and initiative that put them on a level with the first pioneers in Canada, Louisiana, and India.'

Opposed to futile bloodshed, General Lyautey has never failed to arouse public opinion from its ignorant negligence of the admirable military qualities of certain obscure fighters in the advance guard who ensure the colonists' security and permit them to extend the domain of their activity. To a caravan of industrial promoters from Southern Oran he remarked in 1904: 'Beyond the outposts that you will see are others that you will not see,

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far from all comfort, all resources, and all distractions.' To the colonists at Rabat he repeated: 'Remember that every sheaf you harvest in has been nourished with the blood of our soldiers.' In 1912, when he explained his methods to the pupils in the School of Political Science on the peaceful Rue St. Guillaume, he made his audience acclaim the military exploits of men like Gouraud and Mangin. Later still, in 1921, during President Millerand's triumphal tour of Morocco, the Marshal made a point of conducting him to the advance posts, once more throwing into relief the unfamiliar merits of the men who occupied them, remarking: 'It is the first time in French history that the Chief of the State has seen the colonial troops at the most advanced part of their front.'

When finally he was invested with command at Rennes, General Lyautey seemed to have overcome the obstacles that had been laid in his path. At this time he appeared to be pursuing a normal career with great success, when the authorities in charge of the protectorate of Morocco found themselves in a particularly difficult situation and gave him the opportunity to crown his great colonial achievements. He has repeated modestly and insistently that his chief merit always lay in having remained in charge for exceptionally long periods of time and in having put little stock in our detestable administrative customs. His high personal abilities, however, have made him take this attitude, and he has shown himself time and again the man of the hour.

The seriousness of the situation in 1912 explains why the Powers controlling Morocco were able to renounce their violent prejudice in favor of a civil administration, for at this time most of the country was in a state of revolt incited by our European rivals, and the bloody insurrection that exploded in Fez threatened to expel us from the country. When he landed at Casablanca the General addressed a few words of encouragement to the French colony. 'We shall say nothing more today. This is the time for actions, not words.'

Thanks to his decisiveness and nerve, the situation rapidly cleared up, and he was soon able to study out questions of organization. In the first place, consolidation of the protectorate with a sultan who sincerely desired French control seemed to him vastly preferable to a form of annexation pure and simple that would have involved the installation of the usual metropolitan bureaucracy, 'with its immovable rules, its heavy shackles, and its general clumsiness.'

No sooner had the revolt been checked than the European colonists began swarming to Morocco in the hope of receiving territorial concessions. This created a highly embarrassing situation. Unlike Algeria, where the rebellion of many nomad tribes had permitted the legitimate confiscation of immense domains, there was no excuse for dispossessing the Moroccan proprietors, most of whom were Berbers perfectly agreeable to accepting French occupation, since it gave them a security such as they had not known for centuries. Our authorities, therefore, had to content themselves with encouraging the sale and rent of large properties. Matters were organized with unexpected speed, and on the fourteenth of July, 1914, the General was able to celebrate at Casablanca 'the realization of French North African unity, a long-desired dream pursued with tenacity by statesmen whose names are on your lips and who will be an eternal honor to the Third Republic for having accomplished so much after so many difficulties.'

This speech was made two weeks

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before the declaration of war, which did not surprise General Lyautey as much as it did some people, because he had been given a thousand and one proofs of German hostility. He contemplated this war with horror, and four years previously had paradoxically championed the economic and even moral superiority of colonial groups in case of European upheavals. 'Such European wars as are necessary to preserve our independence always leave extensive ruin behind them. Colonial warfare only leaves behind it life and fecundity.' He welcomed the change in French opinion, which had been outraged by the menaces and intimidations of Germany, and the young people at the School of Political Science acclaimed him when he declared in 1912: 'It is finished. Pacifism is dead.'

General Lyautey had not only to overcome the temptation to ask for a command in Lorraine, where he was born; he had also to send as many seasoned warriors as he could to the European front and to dispense with the services of generals like Gouraud, Mangin, and Humbert. He communicated to the Government his fears that the partial evacuation this involved would demoralize the natives and involve us in serious trouble. He explained to his territorial troops that they would have to extend the pacified territory they were occupying. Besides supplying France with soldiers, he sent grain, and during the height of the war organized expositions and fairs. He made a great show of optimism, and proclaimed his undying confidence in ultimate success. He put his compatriots on guard against 'our typically French disposition to believe everything lost at the first unfavorable piece of news after having believed that everything was gained.' Morocco, on whose collapse the enemy had counted as a means of destroying our colonial power, became one of our firmest citadels and most precious sources of supply, thanks to the Resident General.

Marshal Lyautey has not passed over in silence, and I see no reason why I should omit here, what can be called without impertinence his 'hundred days,' from the eleventh of December, 1916, to the fourteenth of March, 1917, which he himself described as 'the most agonizing, dreadful period in my life.' In spite of his disinclination, he was summoned to the Ministry of War by a spontaneous outburst of inspiration from M. Briand, and he left this position after a parliamentary storm that the first words of his unique speech unloosed. Did the Chamber feel this speech was coming? M. Barthou makes a point of saying in italics that a civilian in the Ministry of War is desirable in times of peace and essential in times of war. Only detached spirits with firm religious convictions can dogmatize with such assurance. If we remain in the world of practical, historic contingencies, it seems that the best Minister of War, whether he is civil or military, or even ecclesiastic like Richelieu, is the man who best assures the national defense, and it also seems that the Chamber of 1914 is as much discredited in having overthrown both Gallieni and Lyautey as the Corps Législatif of the Second Empire was in treating Niel as a nuisance. General Lyautey announces somewhat later, and not without bitterness, that it would be an injustice to identify democratic government with this constant subordination of essential interests to electoral preoccupations, and added that the model democracies across the Channel and on the other side of the Atlantic insisted on plain speaking.

In interpreting the general enthusiasm that followed victory, General Lyautey expressed himself in moving

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and eloquent phrases. Yet he never failed to maintain that, although constitutional controversies might be virtually over, there was still the question of order or disorder. On his return to France he declared himself disturbed by the crisis of laziness that he discovered all too often. He stated that a man who had been asleep from 1814 to 1914 would at the end of this hundred years 'have hardly recognized the world, either in its geographic boundaries or in its essential conditions of social life,' while a person who had slept from 1914 to 1920 would be stupefied at 'this accumulation of fresh graves, irreparable ruins, nameless devastations, and the state of confusion to which all normal conditions of life had been reduced.'

'It is a fact from which we shall not escape with impunity,' he stated, 'that in the course of five years the universe has been torn asunder and the secular works of civilization have been destroyed. We shall have to pay for this, and pay dear. Never have we had less excuse for relaxing and, to use a shopworn phrase, resting on our laurels. Yet God knows that the sons of France have harvested rich sheaves. May their foreheads remain crowned, but may their arms continue strong, and above all may their hands ever be locked together.'

Due to an easily explained paradox, the Armistice proved the starting point of serious military difficulties in Morocco. While our territorials were at once demobilized and sent home, our regulars could not return from the European front so quickly. Therefore to the natives, who were inexperienced and easily led into dissidence, our advance seemed checked. We had to continue our work of pacification and extension that the World War had not interrupted but had merely slowed down. Without stooping to unworthy subterfuges, the General loyally announced, on the first of January, 1920, that the year would be difficult for everyone, and, in the spring of 1921, that the French occupation still had before it the task of reducing three tribes of Kabyles — three massive little Switzerlands, whose bandits never stopped attacking and robbing the loyal populations on their borders. Indignantly protesting against the rumor that represented Moroccan garrisons as centres of sport, he declared in 1921, before the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce: 'If we can cultivate, exploit, do business, and build factories down there, it is only because the warlike, marauding inhabitants of the mountains are held in check by our battalions.' The immense military service rendered by the troops occupying Morocco was the chief reason why their commander was given the baton of a Marshal of France in February 1921.

But all the time he continued to realize his favorite theories of colonization. More than ever the maintenance of the protectorates seemed desirable, and more than ever he shunned any tendency to grant the colonists political representation, vigorously declaring that 'recriminations and polemics on this subject are merely wasted ink and lost time.' He favored the development of professional bodies, and he took the initiative in periodic conferences between the Governor-General of Algeria and the Resident Generals of Tunisia and Morocco, in order to drive home the idea that the different régimes in North Africa formed a single French bloc with certain common interests.

Even more than before the war, he felt and preached the necessity of renouncing methodical routine procedure. He always told civil and military officials that this sentiment haunted him 'to the point of anguish.' He

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announced to them: 'I should like to be able to increase myself tenfold, to be at each of your elbows and to say to you: "Don't split hairs. Ignore trifles. Carry things through to a conclusion."' His advice was crowned with success, for he announced on leaving his post: 'All the services here have exhibited an activity, an initiative, and a use of modern methods that have astounded the inhabitants of Morocco.'

In spite of opposition to the idea, the General was already dreaming of and asking for a successor in 1920, but the warm-hearted encouragement of M. Millerand, who was then President of the Republic, determined him to go back to his post after a visit to France. In 1923, on returning from Algiers, where he had taken part in the first North African Conference, serious sickness attacked him at Oudjda and compelled him to go to Paris for an operation. Again the members of the Government begged him to return to Morocco, where the Riffian incursions and the growing arrogance of Abd-el-Krim were creating new difficulties.

The early part of 1925 was, as we remember, an anxious time. Marshal Lyautey felt it too, but in September 1925, when the danger was past, he again requested to be relieved. He insisted that the Riffian question would not be settled for years, and asked for 'a new man in the prime of life, with sound views of government, who should be worthy of all confidence and would command majority support in Parliament.' This was a clear and dignified way of indicating that such confidence had been lacking in his case after the political upheaval that had followed the 1924 elections. His demand was met courteously, and his position devolved upon a politician who took little time in allying himself with the most determined political adversaries of our colonial policy. Luckily, however, Lyautey's work was sufficiently solid, and the impulse he had given was sufficiently strong, to ensure the French protectorate in Morocco against any future cause for alarm.

LAST THOUGHTS ON THE MIRACLE GIRL[1]

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

Our series of articles printed here a month ago about Therese Neumann, the young woman who bears the stigmata, has attracted extraordinarily wide attention. I have received such a mass of correspondence of every description and from every circle of society that it would be impossible for me to answer even part of it.

One lady, for instance, writes to me in broken German begging me to persuade 'the excellent Fräulein Therese Neumann' to pray for the success of her son in his examinations at the Polytechnic Institute. Another correspondent holds the writer of the articles in the *Vossische Zeitung* responsible for having driven a normal young man of thirty in Stuttgart quite mad, because he has begun wildly

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *September* 18

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shouting the name of Therese Neumann over and over again. An atheist rails at my defective scholarship, and an anonymous convert from Bavaria reviles the intellectual shortcomings of an unbelieving doctor. The next man asserts that from a strictly Catholic point of view it is impossible for me to make an unbiased, scholarly examination of the case. All these letters, pamphlets, clippings, and brochures that have been sent me show that German public opinion has taken this opportunity to express a variety of personal opinions on the constitution of the world.

To some people the medical point of view that an hysterical person may be able to take nourishment in a half-waking state is blasphemy. To others the recognition of the theoretical possibility of real religious ecstasy means abandonment of common sense, and the whole miracle to them is merely a swindle conducted for the profit of the Neumann family with the coöperation of the priests, who are intentionally misleading the people. This type of person feels that the State should at once arrest the girl as a fake.

The Bavarian Communist Party has already introduced measures into Parliament calling for the confiscation of papers that print news of the case. In brief, it seems that the time has come to state once again what aspects of the miracle of Konnersreuth are especially interesting to modern people, and how much truth there is in it all.

In the first place, it is almost impossible to confine one's self definitely to the field of practical research. I, for instance, saw the marks of the wounds on her hands. I saw the blood running from her eyes, and I saw its stains on her neckerchief and blouse. Nevertheless, if I were called upon to testify in a court of justice I could not swear that I was sure that the blood that flowed from her eyes was real human blood until I had looked at it under a microscope. Nor could I testify unless I had watched her steadily from Thursday midnight until Friday noon and had been able to see that she could not touch her face with her hands, and so forth.

Nevertheless, I believe that it is not wrong to make such observations of the Konnersreuth case as I have done from the vantage point of an eyewitness. It is, of course, possible that a clever conjurer, after long practice, could deceive people who lived in such simple surroundings. It is possible, but unlikely. It is particularly unlikely since the holy sisters have observed her, and I have enough trust in them to dismiss the idea of gross deception. Also, it is theoretically possible — and cases of this kind are not unknown in literature — that the stigmata have been consciously administered, and are not an affliction that should be cured. This is possible, but I do not lay much stock in the idea. I believe the stigmata are real — just as real as the tears of blood and the ecstasies. I shall have something more to say about the fasting presently.

'So you believe in a miracle, too?' people may say to me.

I shall try to answer that in a parable rather than in a definition.

I believe that everyone is able to control his body much more thoroughly than we generally believe, provided he exercises and trains it. A man's own personal character determines how far he can go. The goal he sets for himself depends on his industry, natural equipment, and energy. One person is happy if he can run a hundred yards in twelve seconds and walk thirty kilometres in a day, while another fights to destroy every fraction of a second that separates him from the nine-second limit or else tries to walk a hundred kilometres

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in a day. Many strong men — I am thinking especially of a number of Catholic priests whom I know — try every day to fast until noon without being able to do it, while I, for example, can get along for thirty or forty hours without food or drink if I have to.

In brief, before studying a mystic we must remember what the merest tyro knows — that the human body is a willing tool in the hands of anyone who exerts his whole spiritual strength in bending it to his will.

Just as training and the daily exercises of an athlete develop muscles, so training of the will develops control over certain bodily functions. Whether we devote ourselves to making our bodies as efficient as possible in such active pursuits as running, swimming, jumping, or lifting, or whether we develop more passive qualities, — resistance to pain, hunger, thirst, and sleepiness, — both activities are a form of exercise. These exercises are not all covered by the English word 'training,' but they are by the Greek word *askesis*. And there are just as many ascetic records as there are long-distance running records and Channel-swimming records.

Channel swimming is certainly the sport of the hour in Europe, but it is not essentially different from the passive training people underwent four or five centuries ago, and millions upon millions of living Europeans esteem ascetic training more highly. Such people are more impressed when the body is mortified for the benefit of the soul than by the kind of triumph that makes a muscular man forget he has a soul — whose existence one can recognize as easily as the existence of one's muscles.

Religious men still dwell among us, though they may not be modern, and the Konnersreuth case is their world's record. It has seized the attention of our sensation-loving time and fixed it on the unexplored province of spiritual life. It has also awakened uncomfortable reflections in people who do not really believe in their own unbelief.

The absolutely unique and wonderful element is not the stigmata at all. I can freely say that if Smith or Jones retired into solitude for several years and exercised all his strength concentrating on the Passion of the Saviour, on His wounds, and on the pain He suffered, there would come a day when his blood vessels would being to swell in the places he had been thinking of, and he would finally bleed and exhibit the stigmata.

There is nothing essentially supernatural about this. An infinite number of women blush or go pale at the mention of their loved one's name, which means that they can bring the blood to their face or take it away subconsciously. There is a clear connection between this kind of control over one's blood and the voluntary bursting of one's blood vessels, and medical science knows each step between the two processes. For instance, an unimpeachably certified case has been observed where at a word from a doctor a woman has bled at her breasts. But if I say that every believer can acquire the stigmata if he only wants them enough, I must add that whether he really wants them or not will decide itself.

What manner of man must he be? He must possess sufficient strength to focus constantly and continually on this single thought throughout the year: 'How can I share the sufferings of the Crucified One? How can I live them out with Him?' It is certain that Therese Neumann has succeeded in losing her own individuality. Lying alone on her sick bed, she had the opportunity to exercise her spiritual qualities and to undergo what we

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should call a period of training. During this time she was a blind, lame, deaf hysteric. Year after year she strove for her goal, until she was spiritually prepared to attain it — a mystical union with her Saviour. Others go into the desert, become hermits, retire to cloisters, in order to immerse themselves in asceticism. Therese Neumann did her training in the solitude of hysteria, in the desert of sickness, and with hysterical joy took upon herself all kinds of pain as a form of exercise for her ultimate, remote purpose — complete subjugation to Jesus.

All quite natural; anyone can do it; but who has the strength to concentrate his whole being for years on end on this one fixed thought? A normal man who tries to concentrate for an hour on a single thought and watches himself closely will find in a few minutes that he is obscurely wandering off to some other subject. How much harder would it be to exercise this concentration of thought for weeks. Imagine, then, how incredibly hard it would be to keep it up for years, and to keep it up until one was eventually capable of causing the blood to flow and of reducing one's self to the same condition of bleeding and suffering that one's beloved ideal Example underwent.

Certainly hysteria lies at the back of all this. An hysterical young boy hears a man stutter on the street. The next day he stutters; and a week later his whole class is stuttering. The ability of hysterics to imitate and force themselves to follow a certain example is enormous, but that does not change the marvelousness and the rarity of such cases as this stigmatized, hysterical girl. The thoughts of other hysteric invalids are apt to focus on simulations of sickness that involve a great display of egotism. This stigmatized girl has not inflicted the wounds of the Saviour; she does not identify herself with Him; she has merely acquired the wound marks during a pause on her pilgrimage of spiritual imitation. And that is tremendous. Whoever says that spiritual concentration directed to a spiritual purpose is sickness can also call it sickness when a jockey fasts in order to be lighter for the next race. Fasting is merely a means to an end; it is not an end in itself.

And in this way we come to the last point — her own fast. I shall say nothing about the visions she sees in her ecstasy. Many correspondents inform me that fasting, the inability to eat or drink, is typical of people who bear the stigmata. Agreed. Up to a certain point fasting is the same in every religion in the world. As a result people usually use the word 'ascetic' wrongly, thinking only of fasting, and imagine an ascetic as a living skeleton. Without fasting no control over the body can be acquired, and to this extent it is no wonder that people bearing the stigmata live on extraordinarily little food.

In order to reach a higher degree of asceticism, their unconscious mind refuses to accept food, and deep down the reason they suggest this to themselves is that it makes the fast easier to bear. But everything has its limits, even asceticism. I believe in the two weeks' fast during which the Neumann girl was under close observation. I believe that it is possible to go twice as long as that without taking food, although it would be as wonderful to us as the first Channel-swimmer was to our grandfathers.

But I cannot and will not believe that it is possible to go over seven months without food or any appreciable amount of drink, and I will not and cannot believe that a person can fast two weeks and at the same time move about and twice suffer terrible bleeding, weeping, and loss of sleep

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without losing any physical strength and without any nourishment at all.

People quote to me the example of Katharina Emmerich, who did somewhat the same thing and also lived without food. I do not hesitate to say that I refuse to believe this. Clemens Brentano does not impress me as a reliable witness to testify to a reversal of the laws of nature, and I still hold it impossible that a man can consume calories without absorbing any.

Then is the Neumann girl a swindler at least in this one respect? I deny it, and deny it emphatically. I consider her an hysteric well on the way toward being a religious genius. Her inability to eat is perhaps the last remainder of her former hysterical sickness, but I do not believe that it has anything to do with the religious manifestation of her spirit, and if I were told to-morrow that the Neumann girl had been fed in her sleep by her sisters such an explanation of this to me irrelevant detail would be interesting, but it would not change the significance of the case to modern students of religious psychology. For this Neumann girl is the first case of a stigmatized person whom trained psychologists and psychiatrists can study.

HIS EXCELLENCY AND THE LADY CYCLIST[1]

BY BARON ANDRÉ FÖLDERSAM

Alas, my honored and revered masters, how often has passion played havoc with men's lives! Yet we ourselves are always to blame. We insist on seizing and enjoying everything that attracts us; our every wish must be gratified, even at the expense of our position in society or at the cost of life itself. Yea, verily, thus are we made, thus have we always been, and thus shall we ever remain. Never shall we change. Time and again we plunge into trouble head over heels, laughing as we go.

How often I have cried out in warning: 'Look out, take care! That's your finish!' But men are always deaf to good sense. One can only stand aside and wring one's hands. So be it.

With my own eyes I, Foma Utkin, at first page and later valet to the noble Piotr Petrovich, witnessed the clever little Mlle. Mur-Mur humiliate my noble master, ex-General Kukushkin, a man whose very expression testified to his noble blood.

Though a frightfully gloomy story, it yet contains a lesson, and with tears in my eyes I have frequently warned my fellow men to avoid the pit into which my noble master fell.

When this noble master, Piotr Petrovich Kukushkin, retired from the army, at the age of sixty, we went to live in the country at his beautiful estate of Kapitonovka. There we dwelt for some time pleasantly and profitably. We read Pushkin and Karamzin, walked about in the park, planted flowers, and admired nature; we rode horseback and enjoyed ourselves. This well-ordered existence was the kind I

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *September 4*

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liked. But sinfulness abides in hiding, overtakes the strongest of men, and brings us to destruction.

And what is this sinfulness, my lords and masters, if I may be so bold as to ask? Naturally and always — woman. Sin originated with woman. Did not the painter represent sin as a woman with a snake at her bosom?

It had been a long time since any lady had affected me, for I had left sinfulness behind me. I recognized it for what it was, and shunned it. But the heart of my noble master, Piotr Petrovich, was of wax; one could mould it as one pleased. His Excellency was a man devoid of will power, and a sentimental man. Ever since his earliest youth he had been unusually susceptible to flirtatious words and glances; his was an easily influenced spirit.

So intense were his feelings that he would weep for hours on end for no reason at all. 'Oh, you will never understand the joy of tears!' he would often cry.

His Excellency Piotr Petrovich was small and nervous like a little bird. His hands fluttered and quivered, and his fingers were always twitching. Down grew on his head, but no hair.

He spoke in a deep voice, so low that no one but myself could understand what he said. But in his bearing and manner you recognized the gentleman. At once you felt that he was a man of truly noble blood.

He had been decorated with many orders and medals for his deeds of heroism, and possessed a trunkful of mementos. The decorations he had received would fill twenty hats. Our Piotr Petrovich was indeed a distinguished man, a worthy man, and a polished gentleman. But, alas, he was a weak man, and a sentimental one. Fate had made him that way.

At that time a young Polish lady, Panna Cornelia Slotogluvka, lived in the Villa Mon Pläsir near us in the forest. And she was false through and through. Suddenly His Excellency Piotr Petrovich began going there to tea. Like a magnet she attracted him to her Villa Mon Pläsir.

There was no holding him; he was determined as a child, and his little hands fluttered with emotion. He would perfume his handkerchief, stick a carnation in his buttonhole, and hurry off every day to pay her a call.

He even dyed his moustache.

In the meanwhile she flirted and coquetted, kissed her hand to him from her balcony, and attracted him with shameless, provocative words. One thought dominated her mind — to become a general's wife and have those cursed little hands of hers kissed as a token of honor.

But my Piotr Petrovich noticed nothing. He simply enjoyed himself, stroked his moustache, and circled around her uttering fine words and phrases. Hour after hour he whispered his emotions and intentions into her ear.

But as she squeezed his hand under the table she would whisper: '*Ah, mon cher! Ah, mon cher! Que faire?* I am of noble blood, and a liaison is far beneath me.'

After his third proposal His Excellency summoned me, saying: 'Hitch up the horses, Foma. I must hasten to the city to buy my fiancée, the charming Panna Cornelia, a ring in token of my deep esteem and honorable intentions. To-morrow I shall return.'

A week passed and he did not appear. By this time I was reflecting that my General must have fallen into the hands of murderers. What could have happened to him? Feverishly I traversed all the bypaths of his estate,

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but I was too distraught to enjoy the flowers and the beauties of nature.

On the eighth day a letter arrived. His Excellency announced that he was in good spirits, and added: 'Now, Foma, pack up my things at once, and come and join me in the city at the Hotel Dame. But before you come, hurry out and pay a visit to my betrothed, the bow-legged Panna Cornelia. Convey to her my humble greetings, and tell her that the doctor has ordered me to take a trip abroad at once, and to enter a sanatorium.'

I saddled my horse and leisurely rode through the forest, enjoying nature and the lovely sunset. When I came to the edge of the forest I saw that sly Polish lady, Panna Cornelia, sitting on the verandah of her house. She was wearing a red dressing gown and playing patience near the samovar, with her hair down.

'*Dzien dobry!*' I said. 'Good day, *wielmoschna*, Panna!'

She stamped her foot and, speaking to me as angrily as if she owned me, exclaimed: 'Why doesn't His Excellency Piotr Petrovich, the retired general, come and apologize for himself? For eight days I have had to sit here without any news of him and play patience. Is that the way for a gentleman to act, may I ask? I am no simple little Warsaw flapper. In my veins flows noble, princely blood, and I am not used to being treated in this rough, offensive fashion.' And she disappeared, slamming the door behind her. I rode home by moonlight through the forest.

When I finally arrived in the city, His Excellency related to me with many tears what had happened to him in my absence. After he had bought the little ring, he went prancing through the streets beaming joyfully about him for no particular reason. Suddenly someone clapped him on the shoulder. 'Pavel Pavlovich!' he exclaimed. 'Is it possible? Where have you come from, old friend and colleague?'

Piotr Petrovich wagged his finger roguishly at his comrade and led him into the nearest restaurant. 'Come,' he said, 'let us celebrate our encounter.' From there they went to a variety show — and here, my noble lords and masters, the tragedy begins. Our General, Piotr Petrovich, was beaming upon the world and rolling his eyes with delight. That evening he espied Mlle. Mur-Mur, the amazingly skillful and incredibly beautiful trick cyclist. Clad in décolleté and red tights, she rode a tricycle about the stage to waltz time. Poised on the saddle with one toe, she threw kisses to the audience, rolling her eyes and coquetting outrageously with the filthy public. Her final number was a Circassian dance, in which she cycled round and round the stage, carrying a dagger in her mouth, jumping and turning somersaults in the air.

Her eyes were the first nails in Piotr Petrovich's coffin. Cold chills ran down his spine when he looked at her, and there was no holding him. From that minute he was a lost man. 'She and no other,' he muttered, grinding his teeth and wiping his face with his handkerchief, for he was feverishly excited. At this point his friend, Pavel Pavlovich, took His Excellency by the arm and said to him cheerfully: 'Would you like to make the acquaintance of the incredibly skillful and marvelously beautiful Mlle. Mur-Mur? Nothing is simpler.' And he led our General down long corridors to her dressing room.

No sooner had His Excellency been introduced as Piotr Petrovich Kukushkin, the noble retired general and Imperial Chamberlain, than he lifted the incredibly skillful and marvelously beautiful Mlle. Mur-Mur on to his

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knee, pulled the box out of his pocket, and put the ring that was in it on her finger.

'*Ah!*' she cried. '*Merci, merci!* What a distinguished, elegant cavalier you are, Piotr Petrovich, general of cavalry!'

'For my part,' he whispered, 'I already cherish the tenderest feelings for you in my heart.'

At this she laughed and cooed, flashed a brilliant smile, and let him kiss each finger of her hand separately. His Excellency was overcome with her friendliness and solicitude. He fell upon his knees and raised his hands aloft, sobbing: 'Do what you will with me, Mademoiselle. I cannot live without you. Your beauty and charm have swept me away and captivated me completely.'

'Good,' replied the trick cyclist. 'I see that you are a cavalier and a gentleman of noble blood. I can see no reason why I should not become your mistress.'

His Excellency then returned to the Hotel Dame, and did not go back to Kapitonovka.

A week later the three of us — His Excellency, I, and that toad of a cycle rider — occupied a first-class carriage bound for Menton. When he was alone with me, His Excellency would often exclaim with tears in his voice: 'Foma, you noble fellow, to what a pass has my passion and temperament brought me! I am a dishonorable, worthless man. My fiancée, the ill-favored young Cornelia, I have shamelessly and falsely deserted.'

How often did I watch my General as his fingers twitched nervously. Like a caged bird he would stalk up and down his room with gloomy steps.

'But I cannot leave her, Foma!' he would cry. 'For I love her inordinately.'

But she, the miserable little toad, threatened us with her dagger if everything did not go just right. If I so much as opened my mouth she would exclaim: 'Silence, you servant! Keep your mouth shut!' Her blood was hot and she was capable of anything.

In this way we traveled from hotel to hotel, going wherever this creature desired, for her word was law. And everywhere people deferred to her, — 'Excellency' here and 'Excellency' there, — and they would kiss her little hand. As she walked about she beamed with pleasure, flirting and coquetting. And there was nothing elegant or aristocratic about her.

Piotr Petrovich served her hand and foot. He would fasten her shoes and give her feather boas, English blouses, French corsets, and snake-skin shoes. Nothing was too fine or too expensive, and nothing was worthy of her. But every time she met me she would mutter such a disgusting Russian word that I would blush for a week.

I used to say that what she needed was a good licking, and not silks or satins. But at this His Excellency's hands would quiver more excitedly than ever, and he would cry, '*Que voulez-vous, mon enfant?*' for his feelings would be hurt. But as for her, whenever one hand was free she would give me a cuff on the ear.

'How is this going to end?' I kept asking myself. 'How will it end?'

One day my noble Piotr Petrovich had to go crawling on all fours looking for her brooch. She had not been able to find it, and had summoned him to look for it, while she put on a new hat. Then the crash came. She had persecuted him so much that she had a nervous breakdown. Compresses had to be prepared, vinegar had to be sent for, and God knows what else. The next day it was Piotr Petrovich's turn to stay in bed. That was what she had done to him.

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The following morning His Excellency arose, and his face was gray. 'Alas,' I reflected, 'how long can he stand this kind of life? If it lasts much longer His Excellency will die abroad, and I shall be put to the nuisance of having to travel all over the world with his coffin.' My anxiety gave me courage to exclaim: 'It seems to me that Your Excellency's face looks gray and sickly to-day. You had better remain in bed, and not go out walking. I will send for some peppermint tea and warm water.'

'Give me the mirror, Foma,' he replied, and looking in it he recoiled. 'By the Lord,' he said, 'a corpse looks a thousand times better than that. It's time for my coffin to be made. However, I must get up at once, for my beloved, the charming Mlle. Mur-Mur, wants to start early this morning.'

'There's a limit to everything,' I replied. 'I shall not allow that creature in this room under any circumstances.'

When His Excellency heard this he looked at me in astonishment, and then collapsed on his bed like a sleepwalker, put his finger to his mouth, and listened to find out if he could hear anyone walking in the corridor. 'Alas,' he sighed, 'I feel as if my heart or some other vital organ had something the matter with it. I am weary of passion. My nerves are as delicate as a spider web. I shall go home.' And he began to sob.

'That,' I remarked, 'is the result of your wild life. That's your punishment.'

Someone knocked. 'Open, Foma,' he whispered. 'Open at once, for Heaven's sake. Don't refuse, if you value your life!' I went to the door and asked, 'Who is there?'

'The mail,' someone replied. 'A letter for His Excellency General Piotr Petrovich Kukushkin.'

The letter was from Panna Cornelia Slotogluvka from the Villa Mon Pläsir, and it ran: 'Is this the way you treat a young lady of noble blood, abhorrent wretch? Pavel Pavlovich has told me about your vicious, shameless life, and I will have nothing more to do with you.'

'Alas, alas, alas!' cried my Piotr Petrovich, as he gasped for breath and clutched his heart. The telephone rang. With a trembling hand I lifted the instrument and asked: 'Hello, hello? To whom am I talking?'

'Let me tell you something,' answered a tender voice.

'Well, what do you want to say, if I may ask? What has happened?'

The tender voice replied: 'Mlle. Mur-Mur has the honor to announce that she has left with a good friend of hers for three days. You need not worry.'

'Now,' I said as I hung up the instrument, 'the opportunity has arrived. God has n't quite deserted us. We will go home at once.'

He even helped me with the packing, and we worked at top speed, throwing everything into the trunk — even the girl's red tights and cape.

Thus we traveled alone and without a mistress to Kapitonovka. Piotr Petrovich was terribly nervous. 'She's going to follow us and avenge herself in some spiteful and terrible way.'

The result was that when he arrived at his house he bolted all the doors and ordered me to lock the windows. The door to his own room he fastened with a chain, and only let me in after I had given him a secret signal. He forbade me to go out in the evening, saying: 'Who knows, perhaps someone is hiding behind a tree and will take our lives.' In this way a week of terror and anxiety passed by, until one morning a letter from the Villa Mon Pläsir arrived.

'Aha!' I exclaimed. 'Hardly have

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you been cured once than sinfulness again comes tiptoeing into your life. Your Excellency had much better not read the letter. Your Excellency would be wise to throw it into the fire. Then what would she be able to write, may I ask?'

Piotr Petrovich opened the letter and read through it anxiously. 'She writes to me very charmingly,' he replied, 'and begs me to come and take tea with her on her chaise longue. Listen, Foma, old friend, here's my chance to make good, to redeem myself for the evil I have done. My honor is at stake, and I shall deserve to die a miserable death if I am not on my honeymoon in a month.'

Saying this, he ordered his horses to be hitched. Panna Cornelia toddled out to meet him and laid a garland on his head with both hands. Piotr Petrovich leaped out of his cabriolet, shouting: '*Ah, ma chère! Ah, ma chère! Quelle surprise!*' And he kissed her miserable little hands. They at once decided to celebrate their engagement the following Sunday with fireworks and music and all kinds of charming devices. Panna Cornelia was tremendously happy, and could not conceal her joy. As she grinned she showed her gold teeth.

The following Sunday His Excellency Piotr Petrovich had a barber come out from the city and dye his moustache and wave what hair he had left. His Excellency even wanted to take a bath to celebrate the festive day, and as we had no bathtub one was brought to us from the Hotel Dame in the city, drawn by eight horses. That morning His Excellency was as excited as a child. As soon as he was in his bath he began splashing water at me like a crazy man. 'Alas,' he cried, 'you don't understand, Foma, what pleasure it is to be loved by a lady. You are no Don Juan; you're a very prosaic man.' And my master, Piotr Petrovich, the lucky bridegroom, laughed happily.

Decorated with all his medals, and drawn by four horses, he set forth for the Villa Mon Pläsir. I sat on the box next the driver, gloomy and depressed. Panna Cornelia and her guests were impatiently awaiting us on the verandah, and the celebration of the engagement was to last until midnight. We drank Mocha coffee and rose-colored liqueurs on the verandah, and were entertained with fireworks and all kinds of interesting jokes and living tableaux. A band played behind the oleander trees — a violin, a trumpet, and a drum. The players had been concealed there because they had such ugly faces — nothing intelligent or aristocratic about them. But it sounded as if a military band of eighty men were playing behind the little oleanders.

His Excellency walked to the edge of the verandah with his fiancée on his arm and prepared to deliver a loud speech. He opened his mouth, but suddenly was stricken dumb, for he had seen something extraordinary coming up the driveway. A remarkable cycling act was being performed. Was she a Circassian or not? Was she even a woman? You could not tell. On her head she wore a white fur hat, and in her mouth she carried a dagger. As she rode around the grass plot in front of the house, Panna Cornelia clapped her hands, crying: 'Ah, sweetheart, how delightful! What a pleasant surprise!' But I muttered: 'Alas, my evil fate! Is it possible? It needed only this.' And I retreated unobserved into the house.

Piotr Petrovich stood there limp. Already the little creature had run up to him, beamed upon him, and whispered to him softly. Then, with an evil look, she drew the dagger under his nose. Terror held us breathless,

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while Panna Cornelia dropped to the ground like a felled tree. There she lay helpless and motionless. But the music played on more wonderfully and heartrendingly than ever, and they revived Panna Cornelia with cognac and herring. Looking out the window, I saw Piotr Petrovich's whole body shaking as he slowly walked down the steps of the verandah.

Two days later he and Mlle. Mur-Mur departed once more, but this time he did not take me with him. 'She won't allow it, Foma,' he whispered, and did not dare to look me in the eye.

For a long time I heard nothing from him, until one day he suddenly entered my room. He looked so sickly I hardly recognized him, and his hands trembled more than ever. 'Yes, it's I. Don't ask me anything, Foma. Passion, like a worm, has devoured me.'

And so it had.

A year later he married his landlady, Katerina Ivanova, Madame Tolstopusova, a widow with eight children.

THE OLD BENDIGO ROAD[1]

GLIMPSES OF THE EARLY VICTORIA GOLD RUSH

BY STEVEN WESTLAW

Some day somebody will write a history of the Bendigo Road, and it will to all intents and purposes be a history of Victoria.

But it will be more than a history; it will be a romance. It will show in all its picturesqueness the sudden transition of a sparsely populated, declining country to one of feverish activity and bewildering prosperity — for some. It will show pictures of life lived under the urge of that strangest of human passions, the lust of gold, which would be fantastic if they were not true. And it will show how, after the storm of that passion was spent, a solid and abiding prosperity at last grew out of an awakened sense of nationhood.

It was not gold that first took the road near Bendigo. A track existed a few years prior to the world-shaking discoveries by Edward Hargreaves and his followers. But the track did not stop at the place that was destined to become the Golden City. There was no reason why it should, for there was no population there. The track was what was known as the 'Melbourne–Murray River Road,' and it wandered on until it reached Swan Hill, which was then a lonely outpost of civilization.

Recorded details of that early road are as vague as no doubt the road was itself. It was one of the first 'long' roads in Victoria, or the 'Port Phillip District,' as it was known then, for Victoria did not get its name until toward the end of the year 1850.

The Swan Hill Road was built — or, rather, defined — for the convenience

[1] From *Stead's Review* (Melbourne current-affairs semimonthly), *July* 1

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of the squatters, who in those days provided practically the only rural industry in the widespread district. These gentry had huge holdings from the Crown, and let their sheep roam at large under the trees, tended by a few shepherds. Their life must have been almost idyllic.

The town of Kyneton, fifty-one miles out of Melbourne, had started before the discovery of gold, and already gave promise of being a rich agricultural centre.

There must have been a fair amount of traffic along the road even in those far-off days, for we read in early books of the bushrangers that were sometimes encountered on it. Bushrangers could scarcely exist upon a deserted highway.

Yet there is justification for believing that some of these desperadoes of the bush were more or less of a convenient myth — convenient so far as the wayside innkeepers were concerned. When a traveler arrived at one of these widely separated hostelries in the late afternoon and paused for refreshment it appeared to be the custom for the publican to warn him that 'Irish Jem' or some other notorious character was reported to be about.

The immediate result would be that the traveler decided to stay the night rather than risk proceeding onward and being caught in the dark.

No doubt the innkeeper felt justified in resorting to such tricks for increasing his business when things were slack; and these were nothing to the devices adopted a few years later to relieve the digger returning from the gold fields of the results of his toil.

Only for the fact that there were still bushrangers on the roads, — who were much more active and violent than the 'Irish Jems' of the calmer squatting days, — it almost seemed as if all the robbers and thieves loose in the community had taken up hotel or shanty keeping as soon as gold was found.

The most violent scenes in those turbulent times were usually enacted around one of those establishments, whose purpose was to give rest and refreshment to mankind.

No man can say when gold was really first 'discovered' in Victoria, for, until the population became so depleted as to give even the apathetic authorities much concern, the presence of the precious metal in the country was regarded as something more than a nuisance by both the squatters, who were the landholders, and the Government.

So, instead of continuing to suppress any attempts to prove that gold existed in Australia, the Government showed a complete reversal of form by offering rewards for its discovery! It was not long in getting a response.

One of the first proved places where gold was to be got was a spot over which the Bendigo Road now runs — a little past the town of Castlemaine.

Report followed report that gold was being found on all sides; the news spread like fire in dead gum-leaves — by magic it went overseas. It even affected the diggings on the Sacramento in California, where previously the eyes of the world had been turned, and drew men back from there. Thus the biggest rush in the history of the world set in.

Soon the old road resounded to the noise of an advancing army, an army of 'diggers,' who more than sixty years afterward were to bequeath their name and their pluck, endurance, and resourcefulness to another army which will go down, much more gloriously, to history.

Motley, indeed, were the scenes on the way to 'The Bendigo' and the Mount Alexander or Forest Creek diggings during the earlier days of the rush.

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An accurate description would read something like a pageant of the nations — only for the fact that pomp and ceremony had no place in that vista of beards and Wellington boots and smocklike coats.

First of all, most of the able-bodied men already in the country headed the procession. Then, when the news had had time to reach overseas, foreigners of all sorts joined in.

'Yankees' from America, Italians, Germans, the ubiquitous Chinaman, all jostled each other in the race to the diggings. The period and the place would have been excellent for the construction of a modern Tower of Babel, if anyone had had time to devote to anything but the thoughts of gold.

Men of all ranks and stations came. Ticket-of-leave men, free men, tradesmen, landsmen, sailors from ships in the bay, wasters — even representatives of the bluest blood of England, with their patent portable houses and hopes of reëstablishing the dwindling family fortunes.

Probably no road in the world has been traversed by so many varied types of man. Later, when the women came, their types were not so varied.

Horses were scarce; they became at a premium soon after the first rush set in; so most of that early procession passed on foot. Those that were fortunate had horses; others, more fortunate still, had drays and other conveyances weird in the extreme. But the going was rough. It was not long before the whole of the route was lined with broken-down vehicles cast aside while their owners proceeded on foot or horseback.

Bullocks were too slow, except for the professional carters.

There were many snares for the unwary, both going and coming. And those snares took varied forms.

Many are the tales that could be told of the notorious Black Forest that lies between Gisborne and Woodend. Usually the travelers — apprised early of its unsavory reputation — would not venture through it at night; but even in the daytime it held many terrors. The road thereabouts was ill-defined, and tended to branch off into side tracks. It was one common trick for a respectable-looking stranger to post himself at one of these branches and offer to show any prosperous-looking party — provided it were not too large — the right way.

He would then lead the party up what was really a side track until, deep in the forest, its unsuspecting members would be set upon by a gang of ruffians and robbed of all they possessed. If they were killed in the process it did not matter much.

In those days the coroner's job was no sinecure. Many an inquest was held by the roadside on a corpse that had lain there some days — maybe covered over with a few boughs by a sensitive passer-by.

Those were the days when 'Black Douglas' and his ilk held terror for many. But the victims of Black Douglas, the outlaw, were not so many as those of 'Spider Jim' and other nefarious landlords who kept the wayside shanties that sprang miraculously into being all along the route.

The crumbling remains of many of these may still be seen; others have passed quite into oblivion, but on the walls of those that remain must be written in invisible characters many a ghastly record — of doped drink, of rigged-up fights, of swift stabbings and strangulations in the dark, and of the silent removals of victims that it was necessary to handle too roughly.

Yet there were the brighter scenes, too — of great 'finds' and jubilations thereat; of diggers lighting their cigars with ten-pound notes (they mostly extinguished them as soon as the cigar

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was lit), and other extravagant gestures; of notable visitors to the diggings — great actresses who were fêted all the way up and down again, in whose eager laps even more eager diggers showered nuggets and such rich presents.

Through it all, like a motif, run Cobb and Co.'s coaches, the kings of the road, of which Henry Lawson has written: —

> Oft when the camps were dreaming,
> And fires began to pale,
> Through rugged ranges gleaming
> Would come the Royal Mail;
> Behind six foaming horses,
> And lit by flashing lamps,
> Old 'Cobb and Co.'s' in royal state
> Went dashing past the camps.

Nowadays, when one journeys by car up the Bendigo Road, one is apt to complain of the bumps, for in many places, like the old-world buildings to be seen here and there, the road is sadly neglected.

But even the most fastidious motorist, used to modern luxury and comfort, would scarcely complain if he had a revealing glimpse of what the road was like once. We read that in the town of Kyneton it was necessary to mount a horse to cross the street, — the journey was impossible on foot, owing to the mud! — while there was an authentic instance of a traveler tying his horse up to the horns of a bullock, the bullock being so far embedded in the road that it was a permanent fixture, with only the head above ground! But that was before the days of Cobb and Co.

Little does the hastening motorist realize how the times have changed.

About thirty miles out from Melbourne there is a spot known as the Gap. The only reason for its being known now is that the Gap is approached by a steep hill, upon which it is usually necessary to change gear. There is no town there — no building, except a very tumble-down affair that looks as if it will not survive the next windstorm.

Yet seventy years ago the Gap had its own post office, five stores, and three hotels, described in the language of the times as 'commodious.' It had twelve streets, intersecting the main Bendigo road, while the locality was recorded as being thriving and the air 'salubrious.'

The air is still salubrious; but nothing else remains, except the road by which we travel past.

That is typical of many of the scenes through which the road to Bendigo goes.

It is a road of memories, haunted maybe by the ghosts of the past. It is a road of romance, of high adventure, of smouldering glories.

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MORE MOTORING IN PERSIA. III[1]

BY BERNHARD KELLERMANN

KERMAN, like Tabriz, Meshed, Kashan, Sultanabad, and Ispahan, is a centre of the Persian rug industry. These cities supply small rugs to most of the nomads and villagers throughout the country. In texture and beauty the Kerman rug excels. On my trip through Persia I have seen very few old rugs in good condition, although many old saddlecloths and ragged coverings for caravan freight give an idea of the former high level of rug weaving here. The modern Persian rug only too often indicates a decline in the industry. The design is often coarse and amateurish, the coloring crude and in poor taste. The Government does nothing to save the old industry. A high export duty upon all rugs not colored with vegetable dyes would do much to displace the hard aniline-dyed rug.

But in Kerman I at last note with pleasure the regeneration of the Persian rug industry. Here they work from old designs made by the great dead artists. In the nomad and peasant villages in the interior district surrounding Kerman the old tradition is much more alive than in other parts of Persia, and I discover artistically executed pieces of the best quality. Kerman must thank a young Swiss who owns one of the largest rug establishments in the city for the reanimation of this industry.

Most Kerman rugs go to North America. The United States wants rugs with an antique colored design woven into the fabric, and Kerman must meet the wishes of this great customer. The design for the rug is closely studied, and the exact distance between the close stitches is calculated. The Persian art of dyeing remains secure in the hands of experts. I see a very expensive rug upon which men have been working for three years. The design is modern and entirely without taste — a European motif of shepherds and shepherdesses combined with ancient Persians. Eventually this rug will find a buyer in America.

Although we have no accurate statistics on the subject, Kerman exports about five hundred thousand dollars' worth of rugs every year. They cost from five to ten krans, or from fifty cents to a dollar, per square foot in Kerman. The factories are small. I look in vain for a modern establishment in which light, fresh air, and hygienic conditions are prime considerations. Here stand ten great looms, and on all of them are rugs from five to six yards wide, solid and tasteful pieces. At every loom sit four or five workers, most of them boys of from six to twelve years old. Behind them hang the spindles with colored threads of wool.

The foreman stands between the looms with the color plan and ceaselessly sings his directions: 'Three orange, four green, one black, six brown.' It sounds like a hymn in church. The children answer his calm monotonous singing with the clear voices of choir boys: 'Three orange, four green, one black, six brown.' Their

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Berlin Liberal daily), *September* 9, 23

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little hands work rapidly and dexterously as they weave the threads. From early morning till late at night the laborers sing as they work in the Persian mills.

Finally the rug is clipped by hand — an exceedingly delicate operation. The hand feels the uneven spots and the scissors remove them. Now the rug is ready for washing, a process which differs according to the country to which the rug will be exported. Rugs for America, for example, must first be dyed somewhat darker, as the strong washing to which they are subjected bleaches them, and they have a brilliant glaze.

Shipment is usually made by camel caravan to Bander Abbas, though in the future rugs will be sent by automobile through Bam to Dustab. Yesterday a great caravan of camels with rugs started for the Persian Gulf. They will be on the road for thirty-five days.

I had not intended to stay in Kerman more than two or three days, but my friend grows more hospitable all the time. I must drink tea, go to a restaurant at night, visit somebody during the day, and in the morning amuse myself in a garden. It is hard to leave.

Mirza Soleyman Khan, the new Governor of Kerman, invites a number of dignitaries and important townsmen to breakfast in his extensive garden near Mahun. He wants to show his friendship for us Germans.

Mahun, which is about twenty-five miles from Kerman, is a famous place of pilgrimage, but the highway to it, which also leads to Bam, is very bad. Soon we are stuck fast in a sand dune near the gates of Kerman, where we remain until the peasants shovel us out. Consequently we are an hour late.

The garden in which the Governor so graciously receives us is remarkable indeed. Laid out in terraces, it is old and wild. There are rows of enormous old pine trees, and the mountains in the background are topped with snow. This old garden is like those of Northern Italy. A brook runs in little waterfalls from terrace to terrace, and fountains play in various basins — a very rare sight in Persia. The guests are enraptured.

We eat our breakfast of sour milk, cheese, rice, and bread slowly. It is served on a rug, according to Persian custom. The guests take the food in their hands, pack it tightly, knead it, and shove the morsel into the mouth. Yonder sits a very holy man with a black turban. Next to him is a dervish high priest dressed in an odd combination of European and Persian clothes. He wears socks and garters, wide striped pants, a European jacket, and a green turban. I wish to emphasize, however, that this odd costume does not discredit him in the eyes of the other guests. Next to me sits the principal leader of the Baluchi, and his crafty eyes regard me in a friendly fashion. He offers to accompany me all the way to Baluchistan.

The guests stroll on the terrace and enjoy themselves. This garden with its waterfalls and fountains is truly a paradise, but only a step from the walls of the garden the stony waste begins.

We learn that we can leave Kerman by taking the road for Bam and Dustab, the terminus of the English Baluchistan railroad. This route takes us around the southern rim of the Desht-i-lut, going about one hundred and seventy-five miles through the flat desert. We can cover the distance in two days by automobile with very little difficulty.

English military automobiles from the border of Baluchistan, I am told, operated along this route during the World War. The road from Bam to Baluchistan through the Desht-i-lut

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has been known for several years as one of the hardest caravan routes in all Persia. In the glaringly hot Desht-i-lut only one good oasis can be found, and very seldom have expeditions explored this desert. To-day the bank director of Kerman goes from Bam to Dustab to enjoy a leave of absence in India or Europe. He is using camels to go to the Dustab railway terminus.

I do not even consider the route through Bam and Dustab, for I have planned to go by way of the Persian Gulf. My road must lead to Bander Abbas. I have three caravan routes from which to choose. The south-eastern corner of Persia is still impossible for automobiles, and it will be ten years before the road over the mountains is completed. A caravan route runs from Bam to Giruft and Rudbar, but at this season the heat in these two places is unbearable. The second road, usually taken by the rug caravans, goes due west by way of Saidabad through the district of Sirdshan. Then there is a third route, the shortest, directly over the mountains to the south, and this is the way usually taken by asses and mules. I consider these three routes.

The caravans get ready in all haste, and my friend warns me that the heat in the Persian Gulf region is already very great. In the bazaar of every Persian city there is a caravan exchange. Here a traveler can rent camels, asses, and mules by the day, and if he has the patience he can use them. The caravan is ready to start, being well loaded and arranged. A camel load costs from four to five zentners, an ass load from two to three, and the load for a mule costs somewhere between these two sums. The cost varies according to the number of loaded animals which make up the caravan.

As soon as it is learned at the exchange that 'the German' wants animals to go to Bander Abbas I am accorded all attention. I need about twelve asses to carry my luggage, and about six for my party to ride on. A Hindu agent speaks to me about some mules, powerful animals, strong as steers, but I am not satisfied with them. A Persian offers me twenty asses at the astounding price of two hundred tomans, or about one hundred and eighty dollars. I offer one hundred and twenty tomans, but he holds out for one hundred and fifty. On the following day he wants to accept my offer of one hundred and twenty tomans, but I have already rented twenty asses from a peasant. The agent finally suggests one hundred tomans and a tip of ten tomans. But my contract with the peasant is solemnly and minutely made out and signed. As the peasant could not write, he put his fingerprint on the document.

Since my asses are scattered, we agree on a definite place to start. The caravan will be made up and go on ahead, while I am to join it at the telegraph station of Kenat-Shir, near the Nagar caravansary. I shall take the automobile to that point.

A short farewell. Not until noon do we get on the road, however, for there is no automobile club in Persia, and it takes us an hour to get on the highway, since we became lost in the maze of streets.

On the highway we see sand dunes, over which a scorching wind blows. A farmhouse and a cluster of chalk beehives looking like bubbles that the heat has raised out of the ground cook in the desert. It is the caravansary of Shari. My asses arrived here yesterday evening, and it is reassuring to know that the caravan has taken the right route.

A rattling Ford drives up to the door of the caravansary from out of the desert. Mohammed Khan strolls around joyfully, for to-morrow he will take his

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car back to Kerman. Two asses become shy and enrage their driver. One of them, a malicious little fellow, bites his companion in the hind quarters and refuses to budge even when he is soundly whipped.

On the highway from Shari we begin to follow the pebbly path of a river. On the sandy banks tamarisk is beginning to sprout. We cross some hilly land. A young boy of whom we ask the way wants a lift. Mohammed Khan takes the lad with him on the gasoline cans on the running board, and when he finally leaves us I give the little chap a kran — perhaps the largest sum that he has ever possessed at one time in his life.

Travel becomes more difficult. At first the road to Nagar seems very easy, but the farther we go the worse things get, and we begin to fear that we are on the wrong route. Suddenly we see a mill ahead of us, and we ask an old man with a dyed beard for directions. He says we must take the right road at a fork, and then cross the river at a place found only with difficulty. Mohammed wants to take the old man with us to the place where the ford is, but the old man with the beard laughs and appears embarrassed. He encounters so few people in his loneliness. Nevertheless, he goes with us, and when we come to a fork in the road he shows us the right way. It is the first time in his life that he has taken a ride in an automobile. We ask him whether we shall drop him at a village, but he replies in the negative — he wants to go on and on. Finally we drop him, and he probably gets back to his mill late at night.

For hours on end we travel through hilly country. A gazelle hurries across our path and disappears in a cloud of dust. Suddenly we find ourselves at Nagar, a little village tucked away in a valley. We learn that the caravan stopped here in the afternoon and then went on to Kenat-Shir. We leave the peaceful valley of Nagar, and soon see the fine gardens of the next station. It is deep twilight when we arrive. A shadow runs toward us. It is my little servant, Mohammed Ali, who set out with the caravan. Our little dog, Bulbul, dashes out right behind him.

We rest in the magnificent garden of the telegraph station of Kenat-Shir. A strong wind blows, and it is wonderful to see the trees waving over me at an oasis by night.

Our garden at the Kenat-Shir telegraph station, which looked so romantic in the light of the stars, seems rather barren in the morning. I go for my jackass and watch some of the beasts being loaded. The caravan people examine the packs, and express the opinion that two of the loads are too heavy, but I tell them that I will remedy the situation in two days, when we reach Baft.

Very poor people live at the caravansary of Kenat-Shir. The houses of white plaster look like summer cottages on the point of collapse. The caravansary itself contains a large hall, a pair of wings, and an old courtyard. Brambles and underbrush overrun the place. The wretched women paint black circles under their brown eyes, and with their scanty veils they look as though black moustaches grew above each cheek. These women make this black grease from coffee grounds, and they use it to prevent inflammation of the eyes — a common affliction in Persia. The children wear only a crust of dirt — and yet with what quiet tenderness does the miserable mother give her breast to the little baby surrounded by all this poverty.

Many yellow dogs with sharp, malicious eyes run about, but, like all Persian dogs, they are so timid that

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even the children kick them. A weak calf goes for its morning walk, and our little white dog jumps wildly around, trying to play with it.

Packing requires much time, but finally we mount our barebacked jackasses, and at eight o'clock we set forth. After a short time we notice that our little dog is not with us; probably he has found a new friend in the calf and has remained behind. I send my little servant, Mohammed Ali, after him. Mohammed Ali is the most expert rider of our lazy beasts, for he can make them gallop and can also command the whole scale of guttural sounds and slang that make the Persian ass behave. He knows how to wield his stick so well that after three days every ass in the caravan pricks up his ears when he hears the bright boyish voice of the little lad.

We ride toward a mountain peak which the rising sun has tinged with green and bronze. We could reach it in an hour by automobile, but it will take much longer than that on our asses. We have plenty of time now to gaze upon the sandy wastes of the desert, for twenty or twenty-five miles seem a veritable infinity of space for us to cover.

Hadji Kassim, our cook, marches at the head of the caravan. Swinging his stick and wearing his black Persian cap perched on the top of his head, he is determined to walk the entire three hundred miles to Bander Abbas, for he cherishes a strong antipathy toward asses. In fact, he has ridden for only short stretches during the entire trip.

Turbans bounce, rock, and swing from side to side on the heads of the riders in their long wide-sleeved coats. The bashi, or caravan leader, brings up the rear. He is an old man who has grown up on Persian caravan paths, and he knows every stone, every spring, and every puddle along the way. He has left countless miles behind him on these caravan routes. His withered face is a monument of patience and submission, and should he be sentenced to wander thus for all eternity he would scarcely shrug his shoulders.

As we climb higher we leave the sweltering heat of yesterday behind us. Thousands of wild hyacinths blooming in a valley make the whole place look like an enchanted spring garden. Some of the plants have blossoms from three to twelve inches across. The flowers are blood red or milk white, but at their pointed base they are copper red. Many plants with red blossoms, something like our coltsfoot, grow among the hyacinths. Light green fennel trees six feet high are interspersed with stunted pines whose cone-laden tops remind me of the trees in Japan. Sumach grows in the dry bed of a mountain stream. Hadji eats the leaves like a salad, but they taste like sorrel — a flavor I thoroughly dislike.

The hoofs of the asses clatter on the rocky edges of a wild rugged gully. Since the loads slip as we climb a steep incline, we proceed on foot to make it easier for the animals. This is the Gudar-i-Zarchu Pass, whose altitude, according to my English map, is nine thousand, three hundred feet.

The ascent becomes steeper and the journey more difficult. Suddenly the path turns between copper-red terraces of loam, and once more we see stunted pine trees, hyacinths, and sumach; but the blossoms here have not yet opened. We meet a small caravan of nomads bringing rugs to Kerman, and one of them tries to sell me a rug; but I have no time to waste on bargaining just now.

We make a sharp turn in the valley. An icy wind blows, and I take my winter overcoat from my pack. Directly ahead of us the snow-capped Hissar Mountains, which we must cross to-

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morrow morning, dominate the entire sky. Far below we see a courtyard and the blue dome of an ancient mosque. There sleeps the Sultan Seid Ahmed for all eternity. We take a short rest, and let our asses pasture on the slopes.

In this hilly country the road often turns suddenly toward a peak, and when we reach the height and see our next goal the distance appears far indeed. We can now discern a tiny green speck far away — the village of Kala-i-Askar, which marks the end of to-day's journey.

After several hours the green speck grows larger, and finally, at sundown, we reach the village. Hundreds of horses, steers, and asses are being driven, sometimes by girls, to the pasture, where they are permitted to drink from the deep wide channel that flows through there. The nomads of Kala-i-Askar have already returned from the south.

A green, white, and red Persian flag, torn and tattered from the wind and weather, waves from the top of the smoky old caravansary, which also serves as a military garrison. The soldiers greet us cordially, and in a trice we have two small rooms cleaned out for us. It is bitterly cold, and a handful of desert wood on the fire fills the room with smoke. Our cook finds a wind-sheltered spot, the caravan people find another, and fires crackle lustily. Packs are taken off our beasts, and the asses are allowed to go free in the courtyard. In the dark we can see nothing, and can only hear sneezing and coughing.

This ruined old caravansary was built by the Shah Abbas. I am told that this Shah erected nine hundred and ninety-nine caravansaries throughout Persia, and that he visited and inspected each of them personally. Although the number is undoubtedly exaggerated, we may feel sure that he is responsible for several hundred such structures in all parts of the country.

The more caravansaries I see the more thoroughly am I impressed with their studied construction. The ground plan, the product of centuries of development, greatly resembles a modern railway station. Beside the caravansary is a courtyard enclosed by a wall from six to eight feet high. Niches five or six feet deep have been cut into the wall, in each of which three or four persons can live and sleep. Being elevated, they are protected from dust, dampness, and the crawling vermin that infest these hostels. You have only to dust out the niche, lay down an old rug or a pack on the chalky surface, and you might be in your own home. The interior of the courtyard has rows of niches on all sides. In the enclosure hundreds of animals can sleep quietly. Luggage is always kept under cover, so that it will not be injured by the weather or by the heat of the sun.

Large caravansaries have an arched entrance doorway with locked rooms on each side. Steps lead to the second story, where there are many rooms, the largest being directly over the door. The buyers and leaders that accompany the caravan, generally on horseback, live and rest in these chambers.

The caravansary of Kala-i-Askar was built along very simple lines, with walls more than a yard thick. There was but one locked room, and because of the high altitude and the bad climate this commanded a high rent and proved a great source of profit. But, like most of the Shah Abbas caravansaries, this one is in ruins. The arch and the walls are broken, and the foundations are undermined. Somebody must build more caravansaries, or else repair those of the Shah Abbas; otherwise, within the next ten years the present buildings will be little more than heaps of wreckage. Even to-day many of them are in

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ruins and the wind whistles through their crumbling walls.

There is a great demand for the niches surrounding the quarters of Hadji Kassim, who looks warm sitting under the light of a candle with a Persian cap perched on his head and leaning over his samovar. Next to him crouches the bashi of the caravan, and two soldiers whose faces I cannot distinguish in the darkness. An ass takes up a position near by, but he is pushed away when he pokes his head into the group, expecting a morsel of food. Mohammed Ali, the young servant, breaks off a small piece of sugar cake and gives it to the guests. The new shirt I bought him at Kerman is dirty now, and when he thinks I am not watching he wipes the cups and glasses on it. He has slept in his clothes since we started on our journey, as, indeed, everyone has — the servants, the chauffeurs, and Mohammed Khan. All they do when they go to sleep is to put their hands under their brown coats and pull their kullahs over their faces.

As Mohammed Ali listens to the stories of Hadji and the soldiers his eyes gleam. Although I have never seen him say his prayers, — he may do so at home, — I believe that at bottom he has a fine heart.

Kala-i-Askar lies at an altitude of about eight thousand, six hundred feet. During the winter so much snow falls that it is impossible to go from the caravansary to the village. Many caravans have been lost when attempting to cross the passes in the intense cold. During the winter the mountains are impassable. The soldiers tell many stories about mountain wolves, bears, and panthers. In the dead of winter for weeks and months at a time all connection is severed between the station and the outside world. An old man and his wife are the only inhabitants of the village during the winter, for all who are healthy go south with their horses, asses, and cattle.

The chatter continues until late at night, for the Persians are an unusually sociable people, and like to tell their life histories.

It is very cold in the gray dawn, and the caravan people warm their hands over the fire. Making fires is an easy task all over Persia, for desert wood which burns well is always available. A great deal of time is spent in inspecting the food, water, and luggage. We get up at five o'clock, and at eight we say good-bye to the soldiers.

The sun and breeze make it a beautiful day. In the sky a single cloud floats from the peak of Mount Hissar like a pennant. We must climb this mountain to-day. Deep snow lies far above us, and a glacier many miles long glistens in the sun.

We ride through the wretched gardens of the mountain village. The vegetation is very backward here, but the poplars are budding and the apple trees are in bloom. We cross a gurgling stream of fresh drinkable water flowing from the melted snow of the mountains.

Far up the mountain-side we can just see a camel caravan coming toward us. It consists of five lines each containing about ten animals, whose peculiar gait makes the whole procession look like a mechanical toy. The caravan turns and disappears between two golden shimmering mountain peaks.

We ascend along the valley of a mountain brook, and often double on our tracks as we follow its windings. In the middle of a waterfall lies the decaying skeleton of a camel. Leaving the vegetation behind us, we ride between bare rocks. The wind blows cold from Mount Hissar, and I must don my overcoat again as we climb the zigzag path to the peak of the jagged mountain that obstructs our path.

It is seven thousand, five hundred

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feet to the top of the pass. The pack asses trudge along behind us. After all, the climb was not so difficult. We go along a narrow ledge covered with rocky fragments, pebbles, and stones, and then we traverse a wide plateau. Up here stands a little old mosque, where the traveler may offer up thanksgiving to his Creator that he, his animals, and his wares have been able to ascend the mountain, and that no camel has broken a leg and that no bad weather has been encountered. But our party calmly rides past, except for the old bashi, who remains a moment. He owns three asses, two of them the oldest in the caravan, and they constitute his entire wealth.

Two old shepherds squat near by. They tell Hadji of the dangers of the pass, particularly in the winter when everything is covered with snow and panthers come in bands of a hundred or more. Many men have already lost their lives. I do not believe there are a hundred panthers, but six would be enough, or even two or three, to make a meal out of these peasants. The only protection the caravan people have is stones and sticks.

We take a short rest at a little station while the pack animals go ahead. This little building has only one room above ground and two underground, and here the traveler may encamp if he encounters bad weather, for it is the only possible stopping place on the road from Kala-i-Askar to Baft, a distance of some twenty-five or thirty miles.

Crossing the plateau, we wade through a mountain brook, whose course we follow for some distance. A sound of ringing bells tells us a camel caravan of about sixty animals is approaching. It carries freight from Bander Abbas to Kerman. The drivers are suspicious-looking Moors, and we pass them without saying a word. A couple of minutes later we meet a donkey caravan. We have some trouble when our own beasts meet them, but we manage to get them separated and on their way by beating them with cudgels.

This caravan is heavily laden with sacks of dates that are being brought from Giruft to Yezd. My cook buys half a sack, and they are excellent, although they were packed by young men who danced on them with naked feet. A matting of coconut fibre keeps the dates clean.

No sooner have we passed the date caravan than another caravan comes in view. It is a transport caravan of nomads coming out of Germsir, or the 'Warm Country.'

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A JOURNEY WITH STEVENSON[1]

BY HERMANN HESSE

We had not seen land for many days — nothing but the boundless blue-black Indian Ocean, silver and rose-colored schools of flying fish, the bright cloudless sky, and at night the silent vastness of the stars as they followed their courses in the blue dark heavens. Then we arrived at Colombo, a white hissing beach with a red background; dusty red streets; colored houses in the glittering sunshine; beautiful black and brown Singhalese, lazy, with thin princely faces. Beyond lay a wide forest of palms full of birds and brilliant butterflies; in the distance blue mountains reared their ragged peaks. It was a beautiful dream to be lost in gay Ceylon, unreal and dazzling amid all this color. Soon, however, we left this strong and somewhat theatrical impression behind us, for we set forth again upon the endless sea, day after day, night after night.

As we sat in the dining salon or mingled with the people in the evenings we observed all around us dreariness and the expression of faded dejection peculiar to men who have traveled extensively, together with the languor and nervous irritability that the white man experiences in the tropics. They lay in their deck chairs, silent and still, their white-shod feet propped against the railing — Englishmen and Americans with their wives, German business men and geologists, half-breed women from Manila. All lay still and silent, and all their faces were unnaturally dull, except for two Portuguese children who were running about all over the place. One young German spent a half-day in the smoking-room with an old Australian captain, and they learned to their disgust that there would be no more German beer on board until we reached Penang, for it had all been drunk. Throughout the day we heard through a window the mysterious, discreet rattling of dice, like the bustle of an unknown industry. The second-class passengers above us were worse off, squatting in long rows under the burning sun. They suffered greater fatigue, and their hostile faces brooded for hours over the boundless, monotonous sea. Only when the young ship's surgeon made his rounds or when one of the fresh-faced officers walked along the deck with ironical glances was there any interest or mirth. These officers and matrons in the tropics were not like us, with our thoughts and cares, lazy and lost in solitude. They were on their ship, in their own home. The crew did not look forward with joyous expectation to the distant dark coasts and the noisy harbor towns of Asia, but rather with anxiety and dread, as foul exotic corners which their clean ship must enter and which they speedily leave after having taken food and water on board. The rest of us, mere passengers, did not make the ship our permanent home and place of work, and we were demoralized and tempted by the dark coast, the shimmering towns, and the fever-infested outskirts of the forests.

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *September* 11

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One forenoon I leaned on the railing, filled with melancholy. I gazed upon the horizon, dreaming of the emptiness of the immense sea, a dark surrounding ocean of terrifying extent. Above me burned a hellish sun, while our lost and sinless ship ploughed its way along. India or China, America or Honolulu, may have been on all sides, beyond where our eye could reach, but it made little difference; we existed here in this vastness a tiny body lost in a wide world.

Someone laid a hand on my shoulder, — a brown, hardened hand with thin tenacious fingers with two gold rings on them, — and I knew that it was my smiling and lively friend, Robert Louis Stevenson. He was making a world tour. I cannot forget the first time that I saw him. While we were steaming through the Red Sea, a sinewy, deeply tanned man, wearing a gaudy-tropical suit of clothes, hailed us from a sailing boat and begged to be let aboard. I remember how he climbed up the steps of the ladder, while a coolie carried a little pack behind him. At that time Stevenson was wearing a discolored tattered pith helmet, while we were elegantly attired in white clothes as if we were experienced globe-trotters. Now he shoved his arm under mine, and we sauntered to the stern of the ship, where there were already a dozen travelers standing and interested in something.

'Do you see it?' asked Stevenson, and pointed into the wide expanse, where I stared hard, and finally discerned something unfamiliar, formless, but something that was undoubtedly more than sea.

'Land?' I asked, surprised.

'The Nicobars,' he replied.

The Nicobars? That word had caused me considerable trouble when I was ten years old and did not know that Nicobar was the name given to an uninteresting group of islands, mere dots on the map, north of Sumatra and south of the Gulf of Pegu.

I had never expected to hear of those islands again, and had never heard or spoken their name since I had been in school. Suddenly we began passing, one after another, these mountainous islands where members of the Malay race, and a couple of Englishmen, lived. In a few hours we should perhaps stop at the port. These were the Nicobar Islands!

'Have you been there?' I asked my friend.

'No. There is nothing for me to do there.'

'Of course,' I said. 'And is n't it rather tiresome and stupid to do so much traveling? You have told me about Texas and Borneo, Madras and Sakhalin. Is n't it rather dreadful to make those trips and day after day lie on a ship between tired sleeping people, surrounded by foreign coasts, always traveling around the globe, which in time must become very small?'

'Yes,' said he, smiling, 'it is often tiring. But then I have my work. I have already discovered oil, wheat, and tin in different parts of the world. These days of travel are naturally always the same. But when I am in Borneo with twenty or thirty coolies and set out on an expedition, or when I ride into the interior of South Africa for two or three weeks, then the tedium wears off. It is the same with everybody. You, for example, are a writer, as you have told me. Now, you work very hard somewhere, you bury yourself and exhaust yourself. But when your work is finished you are tired and worn out, interest lags, the world is wide and gray, and you sit and wait, asking yourself whether there is any reward for this whole weary life. So you make a rigorous trip on board a ship, and

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as long as you are on the way you are idle. But when you get to Penang or Singapore, where you will see these people on deck here bending over their packed suitcases, calling to boys to carry their luggage, sending and receiving telegrams, you suddenly become exceedingly active again!'

'True.' I said. 'But these people are homeless here. They have parents, wives, children, and friends in London and Amsterdam, while in Singapore they have nothing but an investment upon which they must draw interest.'

Stevenson laughed. 'You are still a tyro, and it seems to you that this tropical ship languor is a special kind of sickness. But it is not. It is merely off time, and not of primary importance.'

'But being without a home is important,' I said.

He pulled his cap down over his brown eyes, and said: 'You fool yourself. There is no such thing as home. You will realize the truth of this anon. A man's home is where he lives, works, and is of service. It is nothing tangible, for it is not his mother's house. His home is where he does his duty. We work for all mankind, and our compensation lies in the fact that we get satisfaction from service. We men that do things are colleagues and brothers over the whole earth. You, I suppose, are a good writer, and like the rest of your coworkers you work for the spiritualization of man. So long as you follow this task you carry your home with you. But when you leave this common work you are homeless, just like the President of your Parliament when he is abroad. I too, if you will pardon me, have a feeling of comradeship with you. You help ideas to mature and become transposed. Can't you see, my friend, that this ship homesickness is not sentiment, but only sentimentality?'

He had n't said anything new to me, but the lesson was pointed out at the right moment.

Stevenson left us at Penang. I saw him again as he quit the ship and called to the shore with a commanding phrase half English and half Malayan. Then, with his tattered tropical helmet on his dark sparrowlike head, he disappeared in a ricksha at a gallop down the winding streets of the Oriental town.

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THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC[1]

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

Of late years we have had a large number of books telling us, in the most confidential style, How to Listen to Music, and a new industry has sprung into being — the teaching of the appreciation of music. It has probably not escaped the amused notice of some people who have read these books that the very writers who have so valorously set out to tell us how to appreciate music often cannot appreciate music themselves. In itself the phenomenon would hardly be worth commenting upon; it is merely another aspect of the old joke that the people whose business it is to teach us how to keep well and live long are themselves a somewhat short-lived and not conspicuously healthy crew. As Mr. Shaw has told us, there is n't a more sadly humorous sight on earth than a sick doctor; it's like a bald man trying to sell us a hair restorer.

We have a right, however, to expect a rather higher scientific standard from the musician than from the physician, and therefore it grieves some of us to find that, as I have said, the very teachers of musical appreciation are themselves unable, for a good part of their time, to appreciate music. That is to say, there is a great deal of what to other people is fine music to which they are constitutionally insensible: this learned expositor can enjoy Wagner but not Brahms, this other grows enthusiastic over Liszt but has hardly a good word for Strauss or Elgar, while yet another can roll a Schubert song over his tongue with delight but has no more palate for Hugo Wolf than a mule has for caviar. We surely have the right to ask such people what their qualification is for laying down for others general principles of musical 'appreciation' when these very principles, however theoretically sound in themselves, have obviously no influence on their own judgments of music. They will tell me, for instance, that a good symphony or a good song will have such and such characteristics. When I venture to hint that this symphony of Elgar or that song of Wolf exhibits these characteristics, they vehemently deny it. They and we are thus in the queer position of holding the same principles in theory but differing in our practical application of them; and the conclusion would seem to be that it is impossible to teach 'appreciation' by way of laying down general principles.

Evidently between the principle and the application of it another factor comes into play. It is odd that the appreciationists should leave this factor out of their consideration, for it is the really vital factor — the music itself, which is something quite distinct from the formula upon which it may be constructed. There is yet a further factor to be considered — the reaction of the individual to the æsthetic content of the music, which again is only remotely connected with the formula of construction; just as we may feel that a cook is quite a sound cook, only his

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *September* 4, 11

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dishes do not agree with us, however they may agree with other people. So that before we begin to try to lay it down how people *should* listen to music it might be as well to inquire how, as a matter of fact, we *do* listen to music. In a word, what, in the first place, *is* music, — not musical form, but music itself, — and in the second place, if, as is manifest, we do not all listen to music in the same way, what is the cause and the meaning of the differences between the ways, and which is the right way?

The first query takes us straight to the old problem of the nature of music — a problem on which a great deal has been written without bringing us much illumination. Let us hope that the illumination will come through the volume on *The Psychology of Music* that Mr. Edward J. Dent has in hand for the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. Most books on the nature of music have been written either by thinkers who were not musical or by musicians who could not think. Mr. Dent happens to be both a fine musician and an acute thinker — and a very readable writer to boot; so perhaps, in spite of the appalling difficulties of the subject, we may hope for the best in his case.

Meanwhile there is useful work to be done at the other side of the question — How do people react to music? For clearly they do not all react in the same way. Is there a right way and a wrong way, — or several wrong ways, — and, if so, in virtue of what principle do we make bold to say that this way is right and that way wrong? Can experiment help us to see our way through the problem? It is the belief of a number of earnest inquirers, mostly American, that it can. The trouble is that few of the investigators who take the matter up in a scientific spirit are themselves really musical, and, further, that their application of the usual scientific methods to the case of music takes, as a rule, no note of the many ways in which music and the musical mind differ from other subjects for experiment. I recently reviewed in this column a particularly absurd book on *The Influence of Music on Behavior*, in which were given the ludicrous 'results' of a number of ridiculous experiments on a number of impossible people. These scientists are too much inclined to believe that man and the laboratory man of their own invention are one and the same, whereas they are largely distinct.

We are given, for example, elaborate demonstrations, in the name of abstract psychology, that it is bad for us to repress the conative impulse when listening to music, for according to the psychologists the natural outlet for feeling is action; therefore, it is argued, we ought to applaud vigorously after any piece that has pleased or stirred us. That, no doubt, is how laboratory man should and would act. But natural man thinks and acts otherwise. While Mr. Howes insists on the hygienic necessity of letting the conative impulse kick up its heels whenever it wants to, Sir Henry Wood, like the stout fella he is, asks the audience, by means of a note conspicuously printed in the programme, to 'refrain from applause between the movements of the symphony.' What the conative-impulse fans feel like under this inhibition I shudder to think. What becomes of the feeling-impulse that, according to them, should be translated at once into an action-impulse? Does the victim of Sir Henry Wood's brutal inhibition, barred from making a horrible noise after the performance of an exquisite, thoughtful adagio or a five-fingered minuet, store up the rankling energy within him and murder his wife

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when he gets home, or even, if his nature is a particularly vile one, cheat on his bus fare or leave the soap in the bath? Who knows what dreadful crimes may be ultimately traceable to this suppression of our conative impulses by Sir Henry Wood?

But there is no suppressing the scientists. We see them hard at work in a recently published volume on *The Effects of Music*, a series of essays edited by Max Schoen. In this a number of earnest inquirers try to deal, in experimental fashion, with such subjects as 'Individual Differences in Listening to Music,' 'Types of Listeners,' 'The Sources and Nature of the Affective Reaction to Instrumental Music,' 'Effects of Music upon Electrocardiograms and Blood Pressure,' 'The Effect on a Musical Programme of Familiarity and of Sequence of Selections,' 'Visual, Kinæsthetic, Olfactory, and Gustatory Effects of Music,' and so on. The methods are often ingenious, and the intention always praiseworthy; and if some of the experiments and the conclusions derived from them excite more hilarity than respect in the musical reader, we must remember that this sort of scientific investigation is still in its infancy. Almost everywhere in these essays we see the same hopeless attempt to reduce the complex being that we know as man to the impossible theoretic simplicities of laboratory man. In inquiring into the effects of music on the listener, some of these ardent inquirers leave out of consideration both the nature of the music and the nature of the listener. They imagine them both to be constants and ponderables, like the ordinary material of science, whereas they are imponderable and most capriciously variable.

Thus one investigator, trying the effects of music upon various listeners, classified music into nine 'types.' The ninth type was the 'sensational, stormy, thrilling'; and the piece of music chosen to represent this type was — the *William Tell* overture! The eighth type was the 'martial, majestic, dignified, stately, dramatic'; and the piece of music chosen for this was — the 'Light Cavalry' overture! For the third type, the 'sad, pathetic, tragic, plaintive, mournful, doleful,' the test piece was — 'Funeral March, Gardner, violin'! Further, all of the pieces were grouped in two classes, 'joyful' and 'serious.' The 'joyful' contained such disparates, as it would seem to most people, as 'Anitra's Dance' — which for me, at least, has an undercurrent of sadness — and the *Aïda* March, which can hardly be summed up under the simple title of 'joyous'; the 'serious' included pieces — unknown to me, I must admit — called 'Humoresque' (not Dvorák's) and 'May Is Here' (a serious subject only in England, I should imagine); while the 'Funeral March, Gardner, violin,' might conceivably strike me as rather funny could I but hear it. Who can take 'investigations' of this kind seriously? What earthly bearing have they on what goes on in the minds of really musical people when they listen to real music?

I am afraid not much light is thrown on the question of how we listen to music, and how we ought to listen to it, by these essays. In spite of the intelligence and enthusiasm of some of the inquirers, and the care with which the experiments have been conducted, one feels that hardly even the beginning of a beginning of an understanding of the problem has been made. The reason for the unsatisfactory nature of the results is that, while everyone is keen on experimenting, no one seems to have, as yet, more than an elementary notion of the type of experiment necessary. One of the best essays in the volume is that by Mr. Charles S. Myers on 'Individual

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Differences in Listening to Music'; and the failure of his experiments to produce very much that is of genuine scientific value is some measure of the obscurity of the problem, and of the difficulty of solving it by the present experimental methods.

Mr. Myers tried six compositions, ranging from Beethoven and Chaikovskii to Mendelssohn, Grieg, and Couperin, on fifteen persons — 'nine men and six women, all university graduates or their wives,' and all 'in various degrees musical.' The 'in various degrees' is a little ominous; an inquiry as to the way in which relatively unmusical people listen to music may yield some amusing data, but it can hardly throw much light on the question of how the musical mind listens.

For it has to be recognized that, paradoxical as it may seem, a man may be quite fond of music and yet, from the musician's point of view, almost completely unmusical, or perhaps we ought to say nonmusical; that is to say, while he gets a good deal of pleasure from the music he hears, he does not hear it as the composer conceived it, or as a musician who can think along the same lines as the composer hears it. No doubt the worshiper who hears a Palestrina Mass feels that in some inexplicable way the music adds an agreeable element to the emotions induced in him by the religious ritual, but unless he is specifically musical and is able to follow the contrapuntal intertwining and dovetailing of the parts he most certainly does not hear and enjoy the music qua music. And it is evident from Mr. Myers's account of his experiments that very few of his subjects were in the habit of listening to music as a musician does. After saying that they were all in some degree musical, he somewhat unscientifically tells us in the very next sentence that three of them, 'though not averse to music, may be regarded as relatively unmusical.' Of the others, two were 'fairly accomplished amateur musicians'; five, 'though unable to perform music, were of extremely artistic temperament' — which means nothing; one of the others was a Japanese; two 'may be described as possessing an average degree of musical taste'; while only two of them were 'highly gifted professional musicians.'

A great number of the 'results' obtained, though interesting and amusing enough in various ways, are of no scientific value. Thus one of the people who 'possessed an average degree of musical taste' felt 'a stinging up the right arm, as if the first finger touched a copper spring that rebounded.' She also 'felt warm in the ear' and 'had a lazy feeling'; under the influence of a different piece of music her 'two ears seemed joined together, drawn to one another by something elastic.' If this is the way the lady habitually listens to music, I should say she is wholly unmusical. At least partly unmusical, again, were the people in whom the music merely set up nonmusical associations. This same lady, when listening to some piece or other, saw 'a ball raised by something elastic and falling back by its own weight.'

Another listener saw forests; another saw 'a vast procession of people slowly moving . . . with gold-colored dresses, some green, all brilliant.' Another 'saw a frame containing a spiral growing larger and smaller. The spiral rotated; it had different-colored strands. The frame widened and narrowed as the spiral changed in size.' Another saw a frieze — 'not a real Greek one, but a Thorwaldsen or Canova frieze.' One of the listeners described as 'of extremely artistic temperament' saw little fairies dancing, 'men dressed in red with feather plumes,' and more of that sort of thing.

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Quite a number of people, I imagine, listen to music in this way, and no doubt they would be surprised to be told that in the opinion of the musician they are fundamentally almost unmusical. The mental processes involved in experiences of this kind are very simple. Being, from the musical point of view, primitive organisms, like dancers and jazzists, these people are affected most strongly by the most primitive element in music — the regular beat of it, which they are apt to confuse with the musical rhythm of the piece, which may be something quite different. (Half-musical people will laud the 'rhythmical sense' of a player whom musicians regard as having only a rudimentary sense of rhythm, the explanation of the difference of opinion being that the former are pleased with the player's unmistakable two or three or four in a bar, which makes it easy to follow him, while the latter do not dignify this mechanical metrical chip-chop with the name of rhythm. If this *were* rhythm, then the rhythm of, say, the Blue Danube Waltz and that of the long, soaring melody in Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo would be the same, for both are in three-four time; the musician, however, knows that while the time-beat may be the same, the rhythmical articulation is very different.)

The unmusical or half-musical person, then, is taken possession of by the ticktack of the metre, very much as the snake or the lounge lizard or any other of the lower vertebrates might be; and in him, as in the snake, it sets up sympathetic metrical waves of feeling and energy. Then the law of association comes into play. The simple ticking of the 'rhythm' brings up into the consciousness other simple rhythms and the notions associated from childhood with these, and the listener 'sees' dances, or processions, or fairies. But anyone who listens in this way even to the Waltz from the Casse-Noisette Suite or the first of Grieg's Symphonic Dances (two of Mr. Myers's test pieces) is very far from having apprehended the music qua music, while the person who hears the first or last movement of the Eroica in terms of concrete motion has never got within hailing distance of an understanding of the music.

Of all Mr. Myers's subjects almost the only one who seems to have listened to the music in a purely musical way is 'M.,' one of the 'highly gifted professional musicians.' His remarks are extremely interesting. He too found himself, every now and then, switching off into the associative, as we are all inclined to do at times, for the various faculties and experiences of the mind do not exist in water-tight compartments, but are always acting and reacting upon each other. To the most purely musical listener a note or a passage will occasionally suggest something external. But M., being a musician, knew that these associations were only the by-products of the purely musical train of thought; and when they obtruded themselves too forcibly on his consciousness he made an effort to exclude them. 'When I see the pictures (the images evoked),' he said, 'they take up almost all my attention, so that I have the feeling, "Dear me! I'm not listening," and then I get back to the music.'

Precisely: 'the music' is *not* the associations, but just the music. As one listener who was evidently musical put it: 'Music has a meaning, but always in musical tones. I could n't put it into words. It always irritates me to be asked to do this.' In the hearer, as in the composer, there may be action and reaction between the subjective and the objective, but the work of art, either in the writing of it or the listening to it, does not depend for its life on this

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association, except in extreme cases of deliberate realism such as the quivering of the rope that hangs Till Eulenspiegel, or the baaing of the sheep in *Don Quixote*. It is for this reason that composers — Chopin may be taken as typical of them — whose imaginations have been undoubtedly set going by something external (the pelting of rain or a procession of monks) angrily object to having the music itself interpreted in terms of this external something: the music, when the work of art is completed, is simply and solely itself; it 'has a meaning, but always in musical tones.'

M.'s remarks are exceedingly interesting, for he evidently listens to music as musicians do. His thought goes off at a tangent now and then, but as soon as he realizes this he recalls it. As we have seen, he cannot help a visual image impinging upon his mind occasionally, but at once he pulls himself up and gets back to the music qua music. At other times he divagates for a moment to the performance or the recording (Mr. Myers's tests were carried out with gramophone records). 'As usual,' remarks M. at one point, 'the violinist uses too much vibrato. . . . The sweep up the strings makes me feel quite sick! I noticed the second horn was too loud. . . . When the second tune came with the cellos, it did n't stand out enough.' At other times a point connected with æsthetics or with the technique of composition will occur to him: 'I noticed by what simple means in these modern days he gets his effects. . . . I noticed also how he gathered up his climax by syncopation.' 'As always in Beethoven, one must notice the tremendous . . . contrasts, especially dynamic contrasts. His crescendos always give me pleasure. Beethoven makes scale passages so much more interesting than, say, Liszt.'

This, of course, is very much what goes on in the mind of every genuinely musical listener to music. The question involved is so complex that it would require not the paragraph that now remains to me but a large book to elucidate it; but the essentials of it seem to be something like this. No one experiment, even with a thoroughly musical listener, amounts to anything, because the same man, to a certain extent, listens in different ways at different times.

To-night, for instance, a certain passage in a long-familiar work may suggest to me some new point in the æsthetic or the technique of the composer, or it may prompt a reflection as to the goodness or badness of the playing, and so on; and whenever we listen there is a certain amount of this sort of thing going on within us, which means, in however small a degree, a weakening of our hold on the music as the entity conceived by the composer. The real clue to the nature of our listening is given by striking an average of all our experiences, an average from which these by-products, as we may call them, are excluded, leaving us in the frame of mind in which we do our really musical listening, following the music purely as music, seeing it as the composer saw it, thinking from point to point with him.

This, I take it, is how M. alternately listened and kept trying to listen, pulling himself up when external images forced themselves on his consciousness, and trying to see the music as a work of art, devoting himself, as he says, 'to the pure consideration of the music.' Mr. Myers quotes Bullough on the necessity of psychological 'distancing' when contemplating a work of art — that is, the projection of it into a plane and an atmosphere where it does not simply give us the pleasure of sensation but delights us as an entity and a unity.

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But I do not think Mr. Myers has seen the full bearing of this very complex fact. He remarks that 'complete surrender is incompatible with æsthetic enjoyment.' In one sense this may be true — in the sense that the man who just 'surrenders' himself to the emotion of the music, and in so doing enjoys himself immensely after a fashion of his own, is probably not perceiving the music æsthetically at all; the girl who gets a sexual thrill from *Tristan*, for example, is undeniably wrought up and happy, but as undeniably is not seeing the music from Wagner's point of view or from that of the genuine musician. But before we can accept Mr. Myers's general statement we shall have to ask for the most rigorous definition of 'surrender,' 'æsthetic,' and 'enjoyment.'

The truth may possibly be that in the final resort, in listening of the most thoroughly musical kind, complete surrender and æsthetic enjoyment are subtly one. After all, it must have been so in the case of the composer, and the inference seems to be that it would be so in our case if we could reproduce exactly in ourselves, as we listen, the psychological processes that went on in him when he was writing the work.

IN BEHALF OF RUSSIA[1]

BY S. POSENER

[HALF of M. Henri Massis's widely discussed study, *Defense of the West*, appeared in an early abridged form in the September 4, 1926, issue of the *Living Age*, and the subsequent appearance of the entire book in France has produced an international sensation. We give here in part a retort to one of the author's chief contentions.]

M. HENRI MASSIS has declared war on the Oriental doctrines of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Hinduism, Taoism, and the rest. 'Asia,' he has said in his preface to *Defense of the West*, 'is not only trying to incite her natives to revolt with a view to preventing our poor continent from gaining access to her immense resources; she also wants to capture the soul of the Occident.' According to him, this assault on the citadel of the Occident follows two tracks — German idealism and Slavic mysticism.

'Germanism and Slavism are the two sources whence flows everything that revolts against the Occident.' Germany, thwarted on the battlefield, looks to the East and turns her back on the West. Her latest prophets, her Spenglers and Keyserlings, announce to whoever cares to listen that the misfortunes that have fallen upon Europe and Germany are due to the 'cursed Roman spirit.' In Spengler's phantasmagoric dreams Germany plays the rôle of Rome disciplining the Neo-messianism of the East. 'The columns of Germano-Latin civilization are staggering,' says an extract quoted by M. Henri Massis from the *Neue Rundschau*, 'whereas the work of Slavo-

[1] From *Mercure de France* (Paris Clerical-Conservative monthly), *September*

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Germanic reconstruction is progressing.' The hour of battle approaches. We must defend ourselves. 'The soul and body of Europe are being murdered.' The only power capable of restoring real civilization is the Roman Catholic Church.

We have outlined M. Massis's remarkable study only to consider the theory he raises concerning Russia.

M. Massis believes in all sincerity that Russia, 'after two centuries of forced Europeanization, is returning to her Asiatic origins, lining up all the peoples of the East against a civilization to which she herself only submitted after violence and the bitterest resistance.' All the autocrats before Peter the Great turned their eyes toward Asia, and their line, which the House of Romanov interrupted by an unexpected turn of fate, was reëstablished by Lenin. When the Bolsheviki killed the last of the Romanovs they also upset Peter the Great. 'His fall has laid open to the Russian people, not the road to Europe, as one might believe, but the return to Asia.' Bolshevist Russia is merely the 'advance guard of Asia in Europe.' Bolshevism is 'based on an anti-Occidental, anti-human principle.' The governing thought of Lenin was 'to lead Russia back to her sources.' In a word, Russia's sphere is Asiaticism, and the Bolsheviki have merely reëstablished the nation in its real guise before all the world.

We do not propose to defend or rehabilitate in any way the pernicious, hateful influence that the Communist Russians have had on their country, and we shall only treat the matter in so far as it concerns M. Massis's theory about Russian Asiaticism.

Until recently this theory has been used chiefly for political purposes by certain states who give themselves the honor of standing guardian angel to European civilization on its eastern frontier. To-day, thanks to the hasty intervention of M. Henri Massis, the same theory acquires a sociological significance. The time has come for a defense of Russia. These zealous champions of a tradition that Russia itself has no intention of attacking, a tradition that she herself would prefer to appropriate, should be opposed.

To support his thesis, which we have been forced to sketch in its barest outlines, M. Massis cites a number of Russian authors, Dostoevskii among them. He even makes Gor'kii, the fervent admirer of the Occident, walk arm in arm with these Eurasians who rail at Occidental civilization. Everything serves M. Massis's purpose, provided the quotation he borrows appears to confirm his contention.

M. Massis has eagerly resorted to the writings of Dostoevskii, and there is no doubt that the work of this great Russian writer lends itself to the demonstration of a thesis. The trouble is, however, that it lends itself to the demonstration of too many different theses, and that it can be made to supply arguments for any number of theories, many of which contradict each other. Not without reason does Dolinin, who knows more about Dostoevskii than any living Russian, speak of the 'chaos of suggestions, ideas, and contradictory opinions' in this author's work, and state that for this reason 'the majority of investigators pass over Dostoevskii's political and social works in silence.'

'Our civilization began with perversion,' quotes M. Massis from *The Possessed*. 'It is only after several generations, perhaps after a new epoch of some two hundred years, that the good seed will be able to grow. But in the meantime terrible things are in store for us and for our children.' Again, Russia is 'swept away in the

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fatal torrent of auto-negation and self-destruction — qualities entirely natural to the Russian character. This torrent suddenly bursts forth at certain periods in our people's existence.' All this supports the contention of M. Massis and establishes the fact that Russia is the incarnation of the anti-Occidental, antihuman principle, and that it aspires to destroy Occidental civilization and Roman Catholicism.

But here is another quotation from the same author that M. Massis himself cites. The phrase occurs in his *Discourse on Pushkin*, recognized by all critics as the most profound and brilliant exposition of Dostoevskii's most sacred idea. 'To become veritably and completely a Russian signifies, perhaps, becoming the brother of all living men — an omni-man, if you wish.'

According to Dostoevskii, this signifies that 'the Russian soul should receive all its brothers with an equal love, and also perhaps pronounce the final word of general harmony, of fraternal concord, to all races living under the evangelical law of Christ.' Dostoevskii maintains that the principal trait in the Russian character is its omni-humanity, its absence of national egotism, its tolerance of others. This tolerance he connects with another peculiarity in the Russian character — its quick absorption of everything foreign, which it promptly reincarnates.

'The Russian alone,' says Dostoevskii, 'has acquired the gift of becoming Russian to the highest degree at just the moment when he has also become to the fullest extent a European. That is what differentiates us as a nation. In France I am French; in the society of Germans I am a German; with antique Greeks I am a Greek; and in this way I am a complete Russian, a veritable Russian; and in declaring this fact I am rendering the greatest possible service to Russia, since I illustrate its primordial principle.'

One of the most dangerous enemies of Western civilization, affirms M. Massis, is Slavism, and to sustain that thesis he again cites Dostoevskii. The latter was a great champion of the idea of Slavism, but he understood it in quite a different way. 'The Slavic idea, conceived in its largest terms, is sacrifice. It feels the need of offering itself up in behalf of its brothers. The strongest sentiment of the Slavic people is their desire to fight for the weakest of their fellow men, to gain equality through liberty and political independence, and thus to establish the great Slavic union on the basis of Christ's own truth — in other words, to assist in the profit, service, and love of all humanity, and defend the weak and oppressed.'

Dostoevskii was the great prophet of Russian Messianism. M. Massis, who has studied his works thoroughly, knows this; but the Messianism of the Russian writer is not of the aggressive, destructive kind that floats before the imagination of his French commentator, terrified by Bolshevist atrocities.

The rôle of the Russian people as Dostoevskii has defined it is a Messianic rôle, the establishment of general harmony on earth, of real love and fraternity among all classes and peoples of the Aryan race. Why does M. Massis, who has gathered together all the words of Dostoevskii that appear to confirm the fundamental thesis of *Defense of the West*, pass over in silence innumerable other passages that refute this notion? The chief concern of M. Massis is, as we know, that Western civilization is in danger and can only be saved by the Catholic Church — 'the Church of truth.' To Dostoevskii Catholicism was always one of the most remarkable phenomena in human history. He studied it with tense, vibrating eagerness, and spoke of it in almost

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all his important books. What reproach does this great Russian writer level against the Catholic faith? Dostoevskii's most profound and subtle opinion on Catholicism is expressed by a delirious genius in the *Legend of the Grand Inquisitor*. What is the fundamental thesis of this piece of work? It is that Catholicism errs profoundly because it does not believe in Christ the God-man and man-God, but in the skeptical, cynical reason of the Devil. The basis of Catholicism in its individual and social aspect, according to Dostoevskii, is the rule of Christ in *this world* — Christ 'cannot maintain Himself without ruling on this earth.' The Roman Church cannot abandon, and never will abandon, its claim to temporal power. 'It would rather see Christianity annihilated than lose its secular kingdom.' M. Massis knows this very well, and he himself says that Dostoevskii 'never stops repeating that there is no culture more hostile to Christianity than Roman culture.' Why, then, does he leave out these characteristic statements?

M. Massis also benevolently forgets Dostoevskii's declarations concerning France and her future. France to his mind was 'the Catholic nation *par excellence*.' 'If there were not a single man in France who retained his faith in God, not even the Pope, it would yet remain, in spite of all this, a Catholic country representing the whole Catholic organization in its flag.'

France 'is a chosen nation, but its fate is terrifying, for it is destined to fight a terrible battle, the *last battle*, and it will founder in catastrophe.' All Western civilization will perish with it.

'In Europe, in that Europe where such enormous wealth has been accumulated, the foundations of the different countries are undermined, and perhaps to-morrow the whole thing will fall to pieces, not leaving a trace behind.' Then, when 'all Europe is drenched in blood,' the glorious era of the Russian people will begin.

The Russian Revolution, followed by the Bolshevist victory, showed, alas, how false Dostoevskii's prediction was. The West has brilliantly survived the horrors of a war unprecedented in the annals of humanity, whereas the unfortunate country of this writer of genius has fallen before the assaults of 'possessed' Russians and is now hanging drenched in blood at the edge of a precipice.

All this proves how easily the writings of Dostoevskii can be made to form a documentation in support of diametrically opposite theories. Scientific criticism, however, has long established the fact that the most characteristic works of the author of *The Brothers Karamazov* are those containing his philosophic and religious ideas, such as the *Legend of the Grand Inquisitor* and his *Discourse on Pushkin*. Here Dostoevskii, as we have shown, expresses opinions that correspond in no way with what M. Massis affirms.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that a reader only slightly acquainted with the works of Dostoevskii and other Russian writers might well fall into M. Massis's errors. The truth is that these writers often contrasted the Orient with the Occident, revealing as they did so the Oriental origin of Russia, and glorifying the splendid future of Russia because it sprang from an Oriental source.

This is the nub of the problem. This is the snare that menaces inexperienced investigators. Russia often gives the words it borrows from foreign languages an entirely different sense, especially geographic terms. Until recently the term 'Orient' did not mean in Russia the countries of Central Asia

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and of the Far East, which cause M. Massis such anxiety. It meant the southeastern part of Europe and Asia Minor, especially Greece and Byzantium. That is the Orient that Russian writers speak of and that Slavophiles take such particular pride in when they compare it with the perverse West.

'Toward the Orient — that is where our historic pathway leads. Constantinople should belong to us,' Dostoevskii said. In his mind the Orient is Constantinople. 'The Oriental question is in substance the question of the Orthodox Church,' affirmed Dostoevskii, attaching in this way substantial bonds between Orthodoxy and Turkey, to which Byzantium has fallen. To the Occident and the world of Western Christianity he opposes the universe of Oriental Christianity. France is the personification of the former, Russia of the latter; Rome is the cradle of the first, and Byzantium of the second.

Dostoevskii's Orient is the 'Orthodox Orient,' *pravoslavny vostok* — a term that occurs time and again in his political writings. The doctrines of Buddhism, Brahmanism, and Hinduism did not exist so far as he was concerned, and did not interest him. Herzen, Chayadiev, and others illustrate the same aspect of their country's intellectual development.

'Is the Occident the cradle of science and of profound wisdom? Quite the contrary: everyone knows that their source is the East. Let us return, then, to the East, to our eternal neighbors from whom we have borrowed our beliefs, our laws, our virtues — everything, in a word, that has made us a powerful nation.' Thus spoke Chayadiev, parodying the Slavophiles. But his Orient was Byzantium.

In using the word 'Orient' to describe Byzantium and the Balkan countries, the Russian writers quoted by M. Massis were merely continuing the great historic tradition of their country. For centuries the Orient in Russia meant the Near East. From Byzantium and Greece the nation received its religion and its alphabet; Greek architects built the first churches and cathedrals in the ancient Russian centres, Kief and Novgorod; Greek painters covered the walls of these buildings with their work; and the church music came from Byzantium and from the Slavic nations in the Balkans. Until the Tatar invasion the head of the Russian Church at Kief was named directly by Constantinople. Later a change occurred. When the Turks appeared in Asia Minor and captured Byzantium, the Russian metropolitan bishops were nominated directly from Russia, and only went to Constantinople to be confirmed. The union of the Oriental Christian Church and the Western Church, and especially the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, were the starting point of a great reform. Of necessity the Orthodox Russian Church remained independent. When Byzantium fell, the fate of Orthodoxy and the responsibility for its maintenance and spread passed on to Russia. Russia appeared as the legal and unique heir of Byzantium, which in turn inherited the tradition of Christian Rome.

'The Church of ancient Rome perished because of the irreligion of the Apollinarian schism. The Church of Constantinople, the second Rome, fell before the scimitars of the Saracens. "Now the Holy Apostolic Church of the third Rome and thy sovereign realm shines through the whole universe more brilliantly than the sun." So wrote the superior of a monastery to Tsar Ivan III. "All the Christian kingdoms have arisen from thy unique kingdom. *Two Romes have perished, the third survives, and the fourth will not be born.*"'

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This theory of Russia as the third Rome and the assertion that 'the fourth will not be born' are among the most important Russian historical traditions, and they have created several intellectual bonds between Russia and Western Europe, and have served as the foundation for a Russian ideology on which Dostoevskii and a great number of other Russian writers have based their historical and philosophical conceptions. The marriage of Tsar Ivan III to Sophie Paléologue made possible the secularization of the third Rome theory. Basil III, the son of Ivan III, called himself Tsar (Cæsar), and the grandson, Ivan IV, accepted this title officially. They felt that they were successors of the Byzantine emperors (Cæsars, Tsars), whose kingdoms had fallen into the hands of infidels and whose most sacred treasures, the Russian Church and their sovereign power, had been forced to migrate to Russia.

This is where the real Russian historical tradition leads; this is the Russian Orient. From this point of view Peter the Great's Russia did not differ in any way from ancient Russia. He, the first Russian emperor, was, like his grandfather, the first Russian tsar, the heir of the Byzantine emperors — in fact, more so, because Peter the Great abrogated the patriarchate and reunited spiritual and imperial power in his own person. When he went to war as the mouthpiece of God he pursued the same end that his glorious ancestors, Ivan III and Ivan IV, did when they fought the Lithuanians and the Poles. Their end was always the same — 'to pierce Europe's window,' to reëstablish connections with the former metropolis, the West.

'Illegitimate children without a heritage.' Yet all Russians, tsars as well as revolutionary writers, consider themselves the sole beneficiaries of a tremendous inheritance. This unfortunate expression was written by Chayadiev, and in making it he was only following his two spiritual masters, Joseph de Maistre and Bonald, both Europeans. Henri Massis, by making this the basis of his judgment for the past of the Russian people, as well as the excuse for dissertations concerning their future, has not progressed more than a step from the position taken by reactionary French writers a hundred years ago.

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HOW TO EAT IN LONDON[1]

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

THERE is a false legend to the effect that English cooking is bad. People circulate it constantly, and it is one of those black lies that divide nation against nation and cause war.

English cooking? Where can you find cooking that is really English cooking, with the old flavor of Anglia and Saxony, of Hengist and Horsa. Is it in the sacred lark pudding dispensed at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street? To be sure, the American tourist who visits this place feels himself participating in world history — it is enough for him to sit in the same seat Dr. Johnson once occupied, and to eat the same kind of pudding off the very table at which Oliver Goldsmith sat. The historic atmosphere impresses him tremendously. Of course, there are too many tourists wedged into this tiny dark alehouse, drinking out of pewter mugs under old oak beams. Nevertheless, the lark pudding they devour dates back to the times of the Angles and the Saxons, to Odin himself. Besides this, our tourist tastes a number of other ancient mysteries, — oysters, steaks, kidneys, and truffles, — which soon take the taste of the larks out of his mouth. One must ply one's fork here like a lord, for a Welsh rarebit made of Cheshire cheese, in which all the vegetables of the English meadows seem to have been blended, and bitter beer in an old-fashioned pewter mug afford a rare repast. This is English, indeed; and so is Simpson's on the Strand, where white-clad cooks wheel before them polished tables laden with incredibly thick cuts of meat and with their giant knives carve you a rump steak. Then they pile your plate so high with Yorkshire pudding, potatoes, and tough vegetables floating in the salt of the English Channel that the contents slop over on to the table. Cedric, the old Saxon in *Ivanhoe*, would not have been amazed at any of this, but would have eaten his head off. And, for your part, you are a barbarian and deserve to have your tongue pulled out by the roots if you do not admit that everything here is real, sound, and true. You may also want to visit one of the many little places where they sell lobsters, oysters, good fish, and enormous crabs. Here the culinary greatness of the mistress of the seas expresses itself in its natural medium.

When in London never go to places where French words appear on the menu, for it is an invariable rule that anything labeled *à la* is no good. The majestic uniformity of real English cooking cannot be translated into terms of the international menu, and into French terms least of all. Such cooking destroys the peculiar skill of the English chef. The simple fundamentals of real English food — roast beef, ham, mutton, and bacon — do not mix well with international recipes. When in England one must eat pure English food. The international restaurants along the Strand or in Piccadilly, where lobsters are called *prés-salé* and sirloin steak *filet de bœuf*, are a

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *August* 27

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snare and a delusion. Here the visitor feels out of place; here he finds damp relics of Victorian middle-class civilization, the conventional respectability of the petty English bourgeoisie. None of it is exactly bad, and it will not ruin your digestion, but you soon shrink away and flee to the quarter known as Soho.

We all know that Soho means Continental life transplanted to London. Here, northeast of Piccadilly, we find a maze of disreputable streets. In the evenings they are full of hand-organ music — 'Santa Lucia' and 'O dolce Napoli.' Little shops sell spaghetti and bottles of Chianti. Many a passerby of the masculine sex wears gold ringlets in his ears. Portuguese and Greek are spoken. Narrow restaurants containing not more than four tables, covered with cloths that once were white, intrude almost on to the street, and eating at them proves extremely difficult. Then, too, there are little French *estaminets*, where you pay three or four shillings for your meal, with a half-litre of Southern wine thrown in. No evening clothes and high hats are worn, for it is a bold explorer of the night who penetrates this spot from the neighboring theatrical district. And if he does so, he shivers gently at his impudence. People tell me that the Prince of Wales is in the habit of suddenly appearing in Soho, for he is known to be an apostle of good living. I am inclined to believe it; he must often get tired of leg of mutton and want a *fritto misto* instead.

Like the Prince of Wales, — if I may take the liberty of comparing myself with him, — I am familiar with a little eating place whose open doorway on Greek Street is hung with strings of glass beads. A hand organ plays 'Santa Lucia' at the door, and many a time have I tossed off a glass of wine and ordered a *frittura* with chicken, which a hotel near by would call *poularde de bresse*. This dish is accompanied by green vegetables as big as corals, and tasting about the same.

Ten thousand men a day eat their meals in the Lyons' Corner House, sitting between polished marble pillars. This restaurant extends from the basement up through the first and second floors, and everyone in it devours mutton. Under the same roof we find the Vita-Sun Café, where health enthusiasts eat tomato salad with an egg, sliced apple, and nuts. *Cammeriere, vorrei uno zabaglione, ma presto!* The *zabaglione* arrives with a glass of Marsala and an egg, and life brightens up at once.

I also know several Chinese restaurants in London where you sit indecisively contemplating a menu book. It is a book indeed, for it contains the names of three hundred dishes that sound like generals in the Chinese revolution. You order something that sounds good, and don't know whether you will get a general from the Southern Army or noodle soup. What actually comes is something mild and soft, something that looks like chopped-up earthworms. It contains chicken, egg, tomato, bamboo sprouts, and beans. People eat a mixture of almonds and onions here, and fantastic omelettes with lobster and eggs beaten up together. Other features include crisp baked noodles and marvelous rice so dry that the kernels do not stick to each other. You are also supposed to eat with chopsticks, like the Chinese sitting at the next table.

I know, too, of an Indian restaurant in London to which a great maharajah lends his favorite cook during the season, so that he can have his special kind of curry. You taste with curiosity the mess that the turbaned waiter puts before you with all the deference of an Oriental slave, but as soon as you taste it you shout and leap in the air, because

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ten thousand different kinds of peppers extracted from all the roots in the Orient burn the life out of an ordinary European palate. Nevertheless, you eat here like a Grand Mogul, and reflect that the original Grand Mogul must have had real diamonds in his stomach, too, to be able to digest the food.

In the Spanish restaurants of London the seasoning does not bite so hard. A whiff of garlic and strong wine blows through the air in these places, whose walls are decorated with Moorish tiles.

Then there are innumerable Russian eating places. The waitresses should all be addressed as royal highnesses, and the manager looks like a diplomat of the ancient régime — perhaps one of the Tsar's chamberlains, or even a general. Madame, looking like a born Naryshkin or a Bagration, sits at the cashier's desk. Here you eat meat cooked in sour cream, caviar, and borsch, and drink kvass. It tastes as if you must be eating chopped-up Bolsheviki — to which the cook would certainly not object, for he was probably a police official in the old days. I am not particularly fond of Tsarism, but to its credit be it said that it protected its cooks and sneaked many of them out of the Revolution.

Naturally, the war did not eliminate the German restaurants in London. In these you can eat *Wurst*, dumplings, Wiener schnitzel, and drink Munich Hofbrau beer, for they bring everything to London. So must it have been in ancient Rome, where people could eat in Syrian or Indian style, or devour smoked ham from Westphalia, and surely British lobsters, and a dish that may not have borne the name of plum pudding but that must have imposed quite a strain on the Latin digestion.

Every day the influence of the cooks in the foreign restaurants of Soho spreads among the upright natives. A mixture of the two styles is miserable. May the gods shield us from the spaghetti they serve at noontime in an English restaurant, and from all pseudo-French dishes. May each one of us retain his own character, I pray, and let us not try to imitate other people. In Soho the cooks of the League of Nations can learn this lesson: every man for himself, every man to his own style, and open house to all guests. Only poor cooks pour the wrong sauce on the wrong kind of food, and thus waste both.

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THE GREAT GRIPPE VICTIM[1]

BY RAMÓN GÓMEZ DE LA SERNA

THAT stage of the Madrid winter had arrived when all the electric signs in Puerta del Sol advertised remedies for the grippe — and incidentally caused many a pedestrian, who tarried too long to watch a big announcement of aspirin flash out and vanish at regular intervals, to contract that disease.

Every hotel was a grippe asylum, where the sick outnumbered the rooms. Each traveler upon arriving promptly took to his bed, after unpacking a battery of medicines and dozens of pocket handkerchiefs. Drug stores had ceased to advertise Urodonal, in order to display cubist posters with the latest antidotes and remedies for grippe. One luminous sign bore these suggestive words: 'X.'s metal lamp is the best for those who are confined to their beds.'

A frigid dreariness enveloped the city. The pallid sun shortened his daily visit to the utmost. Gray gloom possessed the souls of men. They hurried past clutching their cloaks around them as if they feared to meet pneumonia at every corner. Women with frost-flushed faces walked with short quick steps to escape the cold. As night fell the pavements were almost deserted.

Antonio Rojas, who always looked forward with dread to this season, imagined that he could feel the first symptoms of grippe. He tried to argue away his fears. He always did that, though well aware that it was useless. No, indubitably there was some focus of infection. His left eye, which was always the first organ to signal an alarm, was blurred and inflamed.

So he rushed off to the doctor, knowing beforehand that it would be futile. For what do the physicians know about such things? The specialist whom he consulted was unquestionably an expert — at concealing his helplessness under an air of infallibility and decision. Then Antonio hurried home to cancel his social engagements: 'I regret to say. . . . Temperature so-and-so.'

After a couple of weeks Rojas rejoined his friends at the café, where the epidemic was the principal theme of conversation, ready to pose as an authority on the subject. He had coined several new opinions concerning the disease during his convalescence.

'It bats you about as a player bats a ball.'

'My lad,' interrupted García, 'it's a microbe no bigger than the point of a needle.'

'The thing is to build up your resistance. Keep your body free of poisons. Eat beans,' interposed Gómez Fernández.

'Beans! Not on your life!' objected Calleja. 'I had a friend who tried that, and he nearly died of cramps.'

'You can't depend on another person's experience,' Cristóbal observed sagely. 'One of my friends lived on lemonade for fifteen days, and finally — '

[1] From *Revista de Occidente* (Madrid literary monthly), *April*

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'Kicked the bucket,' jeered Gómez Fernández.

'Not a bit of it. He got fat.'

'Putting on and putting off weight is largely a matter of mind with some people. I knew a lady who became plump or thin according to the latest style in gowns.'

Rojas, anxious to get back to the subject of chief interest to himself, broke in: 'The papers say now that it is not the Pfeiffer micrococcus that causes the grippe, but an aberrant bacillus, perhaps a cross between the micrococcus of catarrh and that of meningitis.'

'They are recommending arcarnol as the best remedy now,' Asenjo hastened to say.

Rojas pulled out a notebook and jotted down the name.

'They also say that corifine's good. I've got a little box of it here. The label recommends it for singers, actors, and travelers.'

'Let's have a tablet,' said Rojas.

Asenjo continued: 'The other day a doctor advised me to take one drop of iodine in water the moment I felt the first symptoms.'

'You might burn holes in your stomach,' protested Dorado.

'They are also advising abstinence from all liquids,' said Espinosa, 'avoiding as long as the fever lasts water, wine, soup, coffee — everything of that kind.'

'I should think that that would only aggravate it,' Dorado objected.

'The thing to do is to find out the source of contagion. Some dirty well, I suppose,' said Arango.

'Do you imagine that the grippe gets into our heads from wells?' Don Bautista expostulated with a laugh.

'No one knows where it comes from,' said García. 'Probably from China. They are dirty enough over there to infect the whole globe.'

'I use colesterol injections,' said Arango.

'Will that cure it?' asked Rojas.

'It helps you resist the infection.'

None of these remedies, or of the many others that were mentioned before all the glasses were emptied and the party dispersed, saved Antonio from a relapse. By this time he was an expert in symptoms. He could detect the oncoming fever, the rising pulse, the dull headache, hours before they actually arrived. Back to bed he went, indignant that all this suffering should be caused by a miserable little microbe. Why did n't they invent an antitoxin for it, as they had for smallpox? Perhaps, however, vaccine from an ordinary horse or cow would not subdue this vicious little enemy. They would have to get it from an elephant.

Although this attack was the most severe of his experience, it eventually left him, weak but grateful to be alive, with the first spring sunshine. After all, that was the masterful champion who could really subdue the microbe. The crowd at the café received him with an ovation.

'Hail the great grippe fiend!' 'Past master of the grippers!' Amid a chorus of greetings like these, Antonio took his seat.

'Have you really learned anything about the disease during your last attack?' asked Dorado. 'Some say that adrenaline is good.'

'Not at all! The latest dope is Cologne water snuffed up the nose,' said Gómez Fernández.

'Rum's still better,' interposed Arango.

Someone else argued in favor of lemons, another for belladonna. During the past two weeks each had learned at least one new remedy. Antonio dutifully jotted their names down in his notebook — an operation

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that had a marvelously stimulating effect upon the memories of his companions. When he left the café he felt that he was filling the air with pernicious microbes, which, carried on his breath, took shelter against the walls like shivering beggars, or settled on the sidewalk to attack unconscious pedestrians. He deplored all this. But the grippe had become an obsession; he could no more liberate himself from it than from his personality. He felt he was doomed to go through life surrounded by a sort of bacterial halo.

While sipping his coffee in the café a few days later, Rojas had a premonition of still another attack. His cigar began to have the dead-leaf flavor that always betokened the first contagion. Turning to Espinosa, he said, 'Would n't you like to try one of my cigars?'

Espinosa accepted with alacrity, and clipped a trifle off the front end to have fresh-cut tobacco to which to apply the match. After two or three puffs he said with the air of a connoisseur: 'Exquisite. Clean, delicate flavor. I envy you your tobacconist.'

Rojas, the inside of whose head was already beginning to have a familiar woolly feeling, sank back dejectedly in his chair despite the compliment, and thought he noticed that the lights looked blurred. 'The worst attack yet' was coming on. Was n't there some heroic remedy that would finally rout this enemy? How could he free himself from this contagion which hounded his steps. He suspected everything of infection — water, fresh air, even the sunshine itself, which he began to imagine made the bacilli grow more luxuriantly. 'Outdoor life is all right for country people — they 're used to it. But we city folks are not hardened.' He tried various regimens — Turkish baths and menthol steamings. Meanwhile Arango continued to harangue about rum.

'But I drank myself dead to the world with it last time,' protested Rojas.

'But it was n't real Negrita,' objected Arango.

'It was better than Negrita — worthy of Cristóbal Colón.'

'But it's different. Negrita is stronger. It's what keeps the negroes from having the grippe. The grippe is unknown in Jamaica.'

'It's no use, it's no use; I've got it in my bones.'

On the way home Rojas imagined that he could feel a renewal of his symptoms every time he passed a neighboring dairy. Yes, it was worse there. Also, he caught snatches of conversation from the women clustered at the door: 'Every bone in your body aches.' 'Yes, that was the way with me.' 'My sister's tonsils were swollen as big as apples.'

A next-door neighbor used to take pity on Rojas — a solitary bachelor — when he was confined to his lodgings by his besetting ailment. During his latest attack this good-hearted friend bethought himself that, after all, nursing was the thing. He suggested that he bring his sister over.

'For God's sake, don't trouble her.' The very thought of a woman seeing him in his bleary-eyed, fiery-nosed condition gave Rojas a chill of horror that almost drove away his fever. Moreover, he was a centre of infection. But after a moment's passionate protest, he resigned himself with the apathy of a typical grippe victim. Perhaps the prevalence of this disease in Spain explains the indifference and the backwardness of our people. 'Anyway, I may never recover,' Rojas reflected to himself. 'So it won't make

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much difference one way or the other.'

The good lady appeared, and with feminine intuition gauged the exact stage of Rojas's illness. Her cool hand seemed to draw the heat from his fevered brow and to restore rhythm to his jangled nerves. She introduced a new order and harmony into his daily regimen. She took his temperature with a thermometer at regular intervals, lightly felt his pulse, saw that he had his medicine and his Vichy on the dot. The effect was marvelous: almost before he realized it, the acute pains left his bones and the fever subsided.

A wintry counterattack, driving back the skirmishers of spring, had revived the epidemic. Many of Rojas's friends were on their backs. But the good woman who attended him remained well. She had never had the grippe, even during the worst year, 1918. Rojas began to regard her as a miracle. He said to himself, with the same faith he had shown all his life in heroic remedies: 'This woman is immune to grippe; she's the true anti-grippe.'

Thereupon the great grippe victim, with the characteristic impetuosity with which he had seized upon every medicine and treatment hitherto proposed for his affliction, wooed and wed his neighborly nurse. It is never too late to try a new medicine — no matter how heroic.

THE HARK BACK

BY GWEN CLEAR

[From *The Eldest Sister*]

When we were children, we had dreams of love
As something strange — shut in the fairy books:
Something that happened to our mothers once
To give them their serene and gracious looks.

But Youth, coming at twilight through the fields,
With heavy lips defeated all our pride;
'Now we are old enough, we understand . . .
Love is but flesh and blood,' we madly cried.

To Age in helpless wisdom is restored
Our childhood's lost philosophy, because,
When we are old we know, as children know,
How strange and fairylike a thing love was.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Bolshevist Nature

MOTHER NATURE has evidently gone Bolshevist, if we are to believe the conclusion of Professor Muskaytoff, director of the Russian Geological Survey and Museum at Moscow, that a vast crack encircling the globe is being caused by the gradual cooling and contraction of the earth's crust. The eminent geologist makes this ominous statement after studying earth tremors since our San Francisco quake — or fire, as Native Sons prefer to designate that disaster. He concludes that a gigantic fault line stretches across the Atlantic, through Spain, Italy, Greece, the Black Sea, across Asia to Japan, across the Pacific to San Francisco, St. Louis, and Baltimore. He has deduced from the four hundred and sixty geological research and map-making expeditions which he has directed in the past year that Africa is sliding into Europe and that India is invading Tibet. In his investigations in Turkestan he discovered distinct evidences of geologic folding, an older stratum of rock covering a newer one. This state of affairs, however, can be found in many other places on the face of the earth.

The recent typhoon, tidal wave, and earthquake at Nagasaki are all a part of this great cleavage development, according to this lurid Bolshevist geologist. Earthquakes at Crimea, Messina, Leminakan, and Samarkand would tend to establish this line so far as Europe and Asia are concerned. It is common knowledge among geologists, however, that the San Francisco earthquake was caused by slipping along what is believed to be a local fault line running north and south, whereas the Japanese quakes which occur so frequently as to be almost boring are usually ascribed to slipping rock in the ocean, where the land descends almost perpendicularly to a great depth. There have been no major quakes in the Middle Western states of America since early explorers reported a widespread tremor which most geologists credit to a settling of the surface earth over the wide Mississippi basin. Although there may be evidence to indicate another fault line in the Near East and the Mediterranean, we feel that it is stretching things to the point of sensationalism to speak of a general lateral world cleavage.

Sir Richard Gregory, the editor of *Nature*, anticipates another disastrous earthquake within the coming year somewhere along the fault line pointed out by Professor Muskaytoff. Numerous minor shocks in this region, Sir Richard says, are mere preludes to shocks of extreme violence, and he believes that Mr. R. D. Oldham, who has been at the Indian geological station for the past twenty years, and Dr. C. Davison, of Cambridge, concur in this opinion. Unfortunately, however, earthquakes do not follow one another with the regularity of the stars in the heavens, and most geologists feel that the wiser policy is to hedge on all seismographic prognostications.

Scientists now differentiate between minor rhythms in the changing fluid earth and those greater movements technically known as revolutions. For example, it was the Caledonian Revolution which resulted in a great moun-

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tain system across Scandinavia and the British Isles, while the Hercynian Revolution raised a similar system of mountains across Central Europe. Professor Arthur Holmes feels that we are reaching the climax of another of these great revolutions, and the accumulated detail of Professor Muskaytoff tends to confirm this conclusion. We therefore cannot completely discount the Russian professor's research. Three months ago he predicted a serious earth tremor within an area one hundred and twenty-five miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, and fifty days later nearly one hundred people were killed and scores of villages demolished by an earthquake within this region.

But with all the sensationalism of Professor Muskaytoff and the warnings of Sir Richard Gregory, London and Moscow, in the famous phrase of Voltaire, may continue to dance, for there is no immediate prospect of their being overwhelmed. Our greatest annoyance from any great quake along the line of world cleavage will be from geologists who say, 'I told you so.' But whether we have earthquakes or not, alarm is futile, for nothing can be done to prevent them. We cannot change the course of Nature, even though she may subscribe to the Moscow creed of Revolution.

Fascist Art

ITALIAN artists are to be centralized, organized, and coördinated, according to the programme of the Fascist Raduno Romagnolo. The object of the movement is to free them from international currents, so that they may encourage the tradition and style that made Italy great during the Middle Ages and Renaissance.

Regionalism is emphasized, for the artists of each district will be organized in a *raduno*, a common body in which sentimental lyricists will mingle with cubist sculptors. Each raduno will be under the protection of a *realizzatore*, a prominent politician of the neighborhood who will represent them in the central body at Rome. His duties will consist of using his political influence to employ local talent in decorating public works, for in all probability he will be no local Mæcenas. Although it is obvious that the scheme will link art more closely to the State, it is rather difficult to see how the artist will materially benefit from the plan. Signor Marinetti announced at a meeting of the Raduno Romagnolo recently held at Ravenna that the chief trouble with the scheme was that artists could not live without money.

After unburdening himself of this bit of common sense, Signor Marinetti attended a futurist meeting at Milan, where he proclaimed the founding of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Machines. Futurists have always held the machine in high regard, for they feel that it is the 'synthesis of the new æsthetics, which will change the face of the earth by means of a futuristic reconstruction of our planet, entirely geometrical, mechanical, artificial, and automatic.' Motors are to come under their special protection, for they are believed to be the most sociable of machines. There are brains of steel, and in up-to-date machinery a spark of life and vitality, a rudimentary soul, may be discovered. Signor Arazi, another futurist, when describing the cruel and inhuman treatment of motors, exclaimed bitterly, 'Some exceptionally bad cases have often made my heart bleed.'

Like everything under the sun, this idea is not new, for Samuel Butler has already written: 'Who can say that the vapor engine has not a kind of

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consciousness? . . . There is no security against the ultimate development of mechanical consciousness in the fact of machines possessing little consciousness now.'

With her machines endowed with souls and with her artists endowed with political protection, Italy is apparently becoming an amusing side show to the circus of art.

The Palmerston Touch

ENGLAND'S China policy immediately following the Opium War, the seed from which the rank undergrowth of modern international problems in the Orient sprang, is made quite clear in a letter published for the first time in the London *Morning Post* and written by Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary, to Sir John Davis, Plenipotentiary, Chief Superintendent of British Trade in China, and Governor of Hongkong, in January 1847. As there had been an assault upon some Englishmen in Canton in 1845, the unruly Chinese were brought to time by the military forces of Great Britain. When another outbreak occurred in 1846 Lord Palmerston dictated the attitude which English representatives should take toward the Cantonese. One year later Sir John Davis was forced to resign his position as British Plenipotentiary when London disapproved of his policy of following these instructions of Lord Palmerston — who, incidentally, still retained the post of Foreign Secretary. We print the document in full, since it is so typical of the strong Palmerston touch as well as of British policy in China.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN, —

We shall lose all the vantage ground which we have gained in China by our victories, if we take the low Tone which seems to have been adopted of late by us at Canton. We have given the Chinese a most exemplary Drubbing, and that brought them, not to their senses, because they never were deceived as to what we were, but it brought them to leave off the system of pretended Contempt, under which they had so long concealed their Fear.

They will not forget that Drubbing in a Hurry, unless we set them the example by forgetting it ourselves; and we must take especial Care not to descend from the relative Position which we have acquired. If we maintain that Position morally by the tone of our intercourse we shall not be obliged to recover it by forcible acts; but if we permit the Chinese either at Canton or elsewhere to resume, as they will no doubt be always endeavoring to do, their former Tone of affected Superiority, we shall very soon be compelled to come to Blows with them again.

I entirely disapprove of the Principle of Truckling upon which Mr. Macgregor of Canton seems to think that he ought to proceed; and if you cannot infuse into him a little more proper sense of what is due to the Country he represents, and the British subjects whom he is there to protect, pray remove him to some other station where he may less stand in need of that Firmness which his present duties require.

Of course, we ought, and by we, I mean all the English in China, to abstain from giving the Chinese any ground of Complaint, and much more from anything like Provocation or affront; but we must stop on the very Threshold any attempt on their Part to treat us otherwise than as their equals, and we must make them all clearly understand, though in the civilest terms, that our Treaty Rights must be respected unless they choose to have their Sea Ports knocked about their Ears.

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Last time the Government was the aggressor, and we systematically spared the People; but if the People become aggressors they must pay the Penalty of their offence; and when we bombard Canton and set it on Fire we shall not be able to prevent many from suffering who were not sharers in the offence.

The Chinese must learn and be convinced that if they attack our People and our Factories they will be shot; and that if they illtreat innocent Englishmen who are quietly exercising their Treaty Right of walking about the streets of Canton they will be punished.

So far from objecting to the armed association, I think it a wise Security against the necessity of using Force. Depend upon it that the best way of keeping any men quiet is to let them see that you are able and determined to repel Force by Force; and the Chinese are not the least different in this Respect from the Rest of Mankind.

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON

Boswell's Ebony Cabinet

THE most remarkable discovery of Boswelliana since the middle of the past century occurred when the famous Ebony Cabinet, in which James Boswell preserved his most valued papers, diaries, correspondence, and literary materials, was opened and found to contain a wealth of manuscripts.

Tradition has held that all Boswell's papers were destroyed upon his death, for scholars believed the statement of Birkbeck Hill when he said that he was told by Boswell's heirs at Auchinleck, 'There is nothing here.' The lapse of time seemed to have confirmed this erroneous statement, although the papers had been preserved in Scotland and passed by will and normal inheritance into the hands of Boswell's great-great-grandson, Lord Talbot de Malahide. The existence of these documents has been suspected for several years by students and collectors, but they have been inaccessible both to the curiosity of scholars and to the cupidity of dealers. Their price was a minor factor when Lord Talbot sold them to Colonel Isham, an American collector of Johnsoniana, who has promised to publish them.

Geoffrey Scott, a student of Boswell and his times, went through the papers immediately after their acquisition by Colonel Isham, and stated that they 'surpassed all expectations and satisfied nearly every hope.' The manuscript of the *Life of Johnson* was unfortunately reduced to powder, only about thirty pages surviving the effects of damp, but there was much new material by such authors and statesmen as Pitt, Burns, Rousseau, and Goldsmith. One of the papers vividly describes Boswell's visit to Voltaire at Ferney. Interesting indeed will be the letters of Rousseau, who liked the queer Scot enough to allow him to escort his mistress to England; and both Pitt, who could not resist Boswell's plea for a letter or two, and Bobby Burns, a near neighbor to Auchinleck, also figure. Mr. Scott states that considerable light is thrown on Boswell's methods of work, and that with the exception of the *Life of Johnson*, assuredly the greatest prize of the lot, the papers are in perfect preservation.

The Ebony Cabinet furnishes the second thrill in Boswellian discoveries. In 1857 the Temple correspondence was found in a Boulogne shop, where it was being used to wrap parcels, much like the famous baker in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Since Dr. Johnson and his circle furnish us with some of our most eagerly desired book and manuscript rarities, it would appear that the find at Malahide Castle would depress the

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market in eighteenth-century manuscripts, but we are told that the contents of the Ebony Cabinet will not be sold, but will be added to the superb collection of Johnsoniana already owned by Colonel Isham.

The delightful task of editing this material has devolved upon Colonel Isham, who plans to publish the papers in successive installments. Although Boswell's handwriting is exceedingly difficult to decipher, he kept all his papers in Teutonic order; so the task of arranging the material should not prove arduous.

Interest in the eighteenth century has always been great among those who preferred its restrained neo-classicism to the rampant romanticism of the nineteenth. Professor H. Dodwell has edited the *Letters of Warren Hastings to Sir John Macpherson*, which is being published in London this fall, and which sheds a new flicker of light on two important historical characters of this epoch. But with the acute observation and the biographical ability of James Boswell, the Ebony Cabinet publications will probably throw a veritable searchlight upon those characters who come within the focus of its beams.

The Vatican Catalogue

A VERITABLE gold mine of learning will be opened upon the completion of the Vatican Library catalogue, an undertaking made possible by the Carnegie Foundation. Since the Middle Ages this great collection of books and manuscripts has been a sleeping giant of learning awaiting the magic touch of systematic classification to bring it to life.

The problems which the organizers of the Library face are many and arduous. Monsignor Mercati, the present Prefect of the Library, says the catalogue should be kept near the Archives for the convenience of students, and that at the same time it should be 'adapted to the conditions of its own proper seat, the Apostolic Palace of the Vatican.' Since many bequests have stipulated that collections remain intact, the arrangement of books becomes another problem. The card-index system, which has proved so efficient in American libraries, will be used instead of the book-catalogue system, and it has been pointed out that a saving of twenty-five per cent will be made by taking advantage of the opportunity offered to the Vatican by our Congressional Library to purchase copies of any individual entry card from its own colossal index.

Although the Vatican Library is not as large as many national libraries, its collection of more than fifty thousand manuscripts and incunabula makes it extremely valuable. Its priceless pieces include an early-fourth-century Septuagint, a Vergil and a Terence of the same century, a Plutarch with notes by Grotius, and Henry VIII's tract, 'Against Martin Luther,' which he sent to Leo X and dedicated to the Pope in his own hand.

The true founder of the Vatican Library was the humanist Pope, Nicholas V, but it remained for Sixtus IV to house it properly. Even the scandalous Alexander VI enriched it with forty codices, while Leo X presented it with his own Greek manuscripts. The private library of Federigo de Montefeltro, who would not disgrace his splendid collection by the admission of a printed book, now forms a part of the great Vatican collection. During the present century the Barberini library of thirty thousand printed volumes, the Rossiana of six thousand, the Ferraiuoli of forty thousand, and the Chigi of thirty thousand, have all been added.

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Hitherto these books and manuscripts have been so diversely classified that in 1912 it was found necessary to publish a 'catalogue of catalogues,' but the wealth of young America and its library system have given new life to the learning of bygone ages.

A Triple Centenary

THREE great scientific contributors to world welfare enjoy centenary celebrations this year. Laplace in France and Volta in Italy died on the same day, March 5, 1827, while July 14 of the same year marked the death of the illustrious physicist, Fresnel. Incidentally, Newton died on March 20 one hundred years previously.

Not only was Laplace a great physician and mathematician who attempted all his life to prove that the law of gravitation sufficed to explain all the details of the solar system, but his life endears him to the typical success-loving, ambitious American. Born of poor peasants in Beaumont-en-Augue, which also produces that distinctly hot and hardy liqueur, Calvados, Laplace became one of the greatest men of his country. He died rich, renowned, and revered. Although he was minister, senator, comte, marquis, and peer, he was also an intellectual colossus. With all his honors, and with everybody bowing before his greatness, he remained humble, and said, 'We know little, and are ignorant of much.'

France also claims Fresnel, the father of modern optics. It was he who proved that rays of light were propagated by vibrations through the ether. The quantum theory to-day tends to discredit Fresnel's conclusions, which have, however, been the basis for many of the advances made in this branch of science during the past century.

To complete our trio we must go to Como, Italy, the birthplace of Alessandro Volta. First as teacher of physics in the local high school, then as professor at Pavia, Volta was recognized by the savants of the world as a genius. A hundred years after his death his work appears more important than it did to the chemists and physicists of his own day. Electricity had been known ever since Greek philosophers in the days of Alexander and Aristotle rubbed amber and made it pick up feathers, but it remained for Volta to invent a means of generating a steady current. First he tried discs of copper and zinc with a wet cloth between each pair; later he used strips of copper and zinc to connect cups of dilute acid, and the Voltaic pile, the prototype of modern batteries, was given to the world. Volta was the first to put that form of energy, the 'electric current,' at the service of mankind, and thus he revolutionized the life and manners of the world. It is the men of science like Laplace, Fresnel, and Volta who have made the past century modern, who have made greater changes and more intimately affected the people of the globe than a Lenin or a Napoleon. Their centenary celebrations merely emphasize the great changes which have taken place within the past few generations.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Life, Journalism, and Politics, by J. A. Spender. London: Cassell, 1927. £2. 2*s*.
Lord Northcliffe: A Study, by R. Macnair Wilson. London: Benn, 1927. 15*s*.

[*Nation and Athenæum*]

Life, Journalism, and Politics, by J. A. Spender, and *Lord Northcliffe: A Study,* by R. Macnair Wilson, are two books which by a happy coincidence have been published in the same week. In almost every particular they provide an illuminating contrast. The first is the autobiography of a journalist who was, perhaps, the most distinguished of London editors since Delane; the second is a biographical study of a man who began life on the lowest rungs of the ladder of journalism and who did more than anyone else to drive out of existence that type of newspaper to which Mr. Spender has devoted the whole of his life. Mr. Spender's book is the model of what a two-volume autobiography, published in the author's lifetime, should be. I never remember to have read one better written or which combined more skillfully frankness and discretion, seriousness and amusement, good nature and truth. Mr. Wilson's book is the model of what a biography should not be. It is so silly and so sentimental that it gives one absolutely no idea of what Northcliffe was like. It is written in the tone of solemn or high-pitched hysteria which writers like Mr. Wilson appear to consider impressive, and it has about as much connection with reality and Northcliffe as *Sandford and Merton* or Dr. Watts's hymns. When Mr. Wilson can think of nothing else — which is usually the case with him — he falls back on the most ancient clichés of sentimentality about 'messages' and 'challenges' and public spirit and courage, until a reader with a weak digestion for this type of syrup begins to feel symptoms of physical nausea. I will give only one, because a rather amusing, example. On page 58 Mr. Wilson tells us that 'the real Harmsworth was a man with a message.' A few pages later he has to tell us of the founding of *Comic Cuts* and *Forget-me-not,* and feels that he has to find for us the 'message' in these popular and lucrative journals. He is quite equal to the emergency, and remarks that 'even *Comic Cuts* and *Forget-me-not* spoke their challenges to the existing order.' But when again a few pages later he has to tell us how Northcliffe made a fortune out of the puzzle called 'Pigs in Clover,' even Mr. Wilson's sense of unreality fails him; he is unable to tell us what was the 'message' or 'challenge' in 'Pigs in Clover.'

Northcliffe several times crosses Mr. Spender's path in his autobiography, and always one gets the feeling of struggle and antagonism. Not personal antagonism, for the two men were, except at one period during the war, personal friends. But there is the antagonism of spirit, the struggle between two opposite, and, as time has shown, incompatible, types of journalism. Mr. Spender devotes to his reminiscences of Northcliffe a chapter of nine pages which throw infinitely more light upon his character and 'message' than the three hundred of Mr. Wilson's book. Indeed, in two sentences he unveils whatever psychological mystery there may have been in the founder of the *Daily Mail:* 'He had an insatiable appetite for power, but never could make up his mind what to do with it when he got it. This made him the most restless and discontented of all the successful men of his time, but it also redeemed him from the mere commercialism which is the professed creed of other men of his kind.' What Northcliffe wanted was power, and in the world of print and newspapers he measured power by circulation. Mr. Spender tells us also that Northcliffe never resented his criticism of features in the *Daily Mail,* 'but discussed with a cool impartiality whether they were good journalism or not — a point which he always seemed to

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decide finally in his own mind by a reference to the circulation books.' But once he had got his circulation and his power, he was completely at a loss; he simply did not know what to do with either. All he could do was either to buy another paper or to increase the circulation of his old papers, and occasionally reassure himself on the subject of power by a stunt about sweet peas or shells, or by driving some politician or government into the wilderness. He was, in fact, a prophet without a message.

It is a curious fact that the journalism, now dead, of which Mr. Spender was so distinguished a representative also really aimed at power, but it knew exactly what it wanted to do with it. The *Westminster Gazette*, as he says, was an 'organ of opinion.' 'It put its leading article on its front page, it made politics its chief concern, and laid itself out to convert and persuade by its writing.' To Northcliffe 'news,' which would appeal to the millions and raise circulation, to Mr. Spender ideas and opinion and policy, were the raw material of journalism. And, paradoxical though it may sound to many people, while it lasted the journalism of Mr. Spender exercised far more power than that of Northcliffe. One does not wonder at Northcliffe's desire to 'acquire' the *Westminster*, or at Mr. Spender's determination not to be acquired. Perhaps the most interesting thing in these two volumes is the revelation of the persistent and far-reaching power which Mr. Spender and his paper exercised behind the scenes. There are two things to be noted about this journalistic power. The first is the extraordinary high-mindedness and public spirit with which it was used. Mr. Spender, in effect, regarded himself as a servant of the public, and eventually came to occupy, in everything but name, the position of a public servant. His paper was an unofficial public department for the dissemination of news and the formation of public opinion. He was passionately attached to the *Westminster*, but the first thought, even in a case of 'news,' was not its effect upon the paper and its circulation, but its effect upon the 'country' and the 'public good.' That is the real difference between Mr. Spender's journalism and the Northcliffe journalism which destroyed it. The one was a political and social instrument, the other a commodity for sale. The other thing to be noted is the close connection between this vanished type of journalism and politics and political party. The *Westminster* was an organ of Liberal opinion, and, independent though Mr. Spender was, its influence depended largely upon the intimate relations between its editor and the Liberal Party. Indeed, the paper was not only an unofficial public department; Mr. Spender, when a Liberal government was in office, was practically an unofficial cabinet minister.

Tristan and Isolt, by John Masefield. London: William Heinemann, 1927. 6*s*. net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

When Mr. Masefield turned to this classic theme for the purposes of tragic drama he was sure to take his own way with it. He would mould the story to his will and suit the treatment to his temper; and that was never more antiromantic than now. The issue is a pulsing play; quick with the intimations of fate, less quick with passion's tides; swift and copious in scene and event, yet, with one exception, thrifty enough in their ordering; wrought in a language pared down to the severest needs of action; and running to a rhythm that at once expresses Destiny's urge and speeds Tragedy on her course. That Destiny is the presiding genius of the play and its chief characters is not only proclaimed by the prologue and the epilogue — each, in fact, spoken by Destiny herself — and reaffirmed in the dialogue, in particular by Isolt and her mother ('There is no avoiding fate, going or staying,' and 'What can love and knowledge avail, with Destiny?'); it is also conveyed by the atmosphere, in which the influence is felt almost as a visible presence. Considered on the plane of that conception, it must be frankly said that the passion of the lovers is less dynamic than the tragic argument demands; and that the comedy scene of the swineyard, in any case disproportionately long, gives, instead of the emotional relief that a Greek chorus would, a sense of something which, though it develops the action, however tardily, does not mix. Still, from that conception the

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play gets, and for the most part keeps, its elevation, its moving power, and its poetic quality. It is rarely that the poetry leaps from the speakers' words; and when it does it is mostly in soliloquies, as Tristan's dying vision of the black horse on the moor, and Isolt's presage of her fate: —

The brook will run down
Over the shingle to sea; and the corn crake call;
And the honeysuckle, up in the glen, drowse sweetness:
And the moon come over the hill: mother will have them,
Not I: I shall not have them. What shall I have?
Some sky for the two wild swans to be wing in wing,
Some holly thicket for the stag and his deer,
Some space in heaven, where I, the comet, will seek
My mate, past withering orbs and moons gone blind,
For centuries to come.

It will be seen that Mr. Masefield has taken his own way with the metre, too. The result is less an innovation than it seems. It is an extreme development of the modern tendency to loosen and hasten blank verse. At the same time it is a perfectly legitimate use of stress metre. It is not a question of a fixed number of syllables at all. In general the number varies from eleven to fourteen; but in one line, at least, it rises to fifteen, and in another drops to eight: —

Now, Tristan, you. Hearken the rest.

The crowding of syllables is found in passages conveying or describing rapid action, or where the situation is breathless and tense: —

I picked up the cup, but the wine was all spilled. What he drank
Was the bitter brown ooze from the drug; it has sent him to sleep.

But all the lines are governed by the stresses of natural speech; and in all except those that are deliberately and aptly shortened the number of stresses is the blank verse number — five. The value of this metre as Mr. Masefield has used it is manifest. It does more than express the urge and give the speed already mentioned: it takes the place of the color and music and poetic richness that the language has been made to forgo. It is the right metre for a play in which action is more than character, and psychology is subdued to circumstance. And such is *Tristan and Isolt.*

Prophets, Priests, and Patriarchs, by Harry Charles Luke. London: The Faith Press, 1927. 6*s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

ALTHOUGH Palestine has, as he points out, adherents of five-and-twenty denominations speaking forty mother tongues among her seven hundred and odd thousand inhabitants, Mr. Luke could find in the Holy Land no member of that strange sect of the Ismailians, or Assassins, which became so prominent politically during the Crusades; and he had to ride to Kadmus and Masyad, in Syria, for the purpose. Here, in the former strongholds of Sinan, the 'Old Man of Musse,' or 'Vetus de Monte' of the chroniclers, he was able to converse with members of the community which now hails His Highness the Aga Khan as its semi-divine and hereditary chief. The careers of some of his remarkable predecessors Mr. Luke has interestingly recorded in this volume. It is a little-known story, dealing with almost unimaginable depths of devotion on the part of the faithful Assassins, who unhesitatingly murdered or committed suicide at the word of command, and with the strangest extravagances of doctrine which ever masqueraded under the mantle of Islam. One of the Grand Masters of the Ismailians, — for theirs was a religious order every whit as militant and sovereign as that of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, — having become as it were a Moslem Antinomian, abolished the fast of Ramadan throughout his jurisdiction, and anticipated a more celebrated hedonist in elevating the dictum, *Fay ce que Voudras*, to the rank of a dogma for a delighted proletariat. He then proceeded to proclaim himself Caliph and successor of the Prophet, whose every precept he had countermanded. That a Prince of the Assassins should be assassinated was only appropriate; and his successors usually shared his fate until their sovereignty was trampled out of existence by the Mongols on their way to put an end to that of the Abbassid Caliph, to his life, and to the prosperity of Bagdad.

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The Assassins, however, who nowadays in one of their rites ceremonially adore a black-robed, flower-crowned maiden, form only one of the several strange religious communities with which Mr. Luke most picturesquely deals in his book. He tells also of the Samaritans, a minute flock under an hereditary high priest, at Nablus, the ancient Shechem, who still practise the ancient ceremonies of the Passover as prescribed in the Book of Exodus, and sacrifice annually upon Mount Gerizim, where, as the author puts it, 'the oldest rite in the world is performed by the world's smallest sect.' He writes also about the Abyssinians, those blameless Ethiopians who carry dignified umbrellas, have the right to dance or pray on the roof of somebody else's chapel in Jerusalem, and tether a centenarian hermit in the branches of a tree by the Jordan while a deacon reads the Psalms to him; and he describes the strange divisions of property owned by different communities in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and some of the even stranger and eminently unedifying quarrels which so frequently used to arise because of those divisions.

Albania Antica, by Luigi M. Ugolini. Rome: Società Editrice d'Arte Illustrata, 1927. 150 lire.

[*Observer*]

THE antiquities of Albania have never yet been systematically explored, although it has always been known that the country contained many remains of archæological interest. Dr. Luigi Ugolini, the head of the Italian archæological mission to Albania, has for some time been conducting a general survey of the whole country, the results of which he has recorded in an interesting and well-illustrated volume. His task is by no means ended, and he is continuing the work of exploration and excavation, which should yield even more valuable results than those already attained.

In Northern Albania he studied the prehistoric remains, which give some insight into the earliest civilization of the Illyrians, and describes the tombs and tumuli of Golemi, Zadrina, Vaudenis, and the important necropolis of Kumani, the interest of which lies in the fact that, although the objects found there are of the fifth century A.D., they are identical with objects of a much earlier age, showing that local civilization remained practically unaltered for many centuries.

Dr. Ugolini devoted particular attention to the less well-known South, where there are remarkable traces of Greek and Roman civilization. The most extensive ancient remains, however, are those of Feniki, between Delvino and Santi Quaranta, which Dr. Ugolini identifies with the Phœnice of Polybius, Strabo, and Procopius. These he describes at some length, both on account of their intrinsic interest and because they are almost unknown to archæologists. The ruins consist of an acropolis dating from the fifth century B.C. in its oldest parts, with polygonal, megalithic, and microlithic walls, and of Roman masonry of a later date on the lower slopes of the hill. The Greek colonies were numerous in Southern Albania, and some of them important, but they were nearly all on or near the coast, and appear to have been isolated centres of civilization, only slightly affecting the mass of the autochthonous Illyrian people. Roman influence, on the other hand, penetrated deeper into the interior and left traces all over the country.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

TARDIEU, ANDRÉ. *France and America.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927. $3.00.

The Effects of Music, edited by Max Schoen. The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. London: Kegan Paul and Company. 15*s*.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Bismarck. The Story of a Fighter, by Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1927. $5.00.

EMIL LUDWIG has done it again. As he made us feel we knew Napoleon like another human being, and as he conveyed to us the whole period in which William II lived, so in the case of Bismarck he gives us both the man and his background. For this reason his latest book stands well above the other two. Historians could cavil at the *Napoleon,* and the Kaiser did not give the author's remarkable dramatic powers sufficient scope. In *Bismarck* all of Ludwig's brilliant gifts come into play: it is capital history and capital biography, plausible and exciting. His concluding paragraph states his point of view toward this magnificent fighter and statesman: 'Germany lives! The German princes forsook her in her bitter need, but the German people, whose sterling qualities Bismarck recognized too late, was steadfast and saved Bismarck's work from destruction.'

The interest that this masterpiece arouses is heightened by the many comparisons between Bismarck's Europe and the Europe of Chamberlain, Briand, and Stresemann that will crowd in on every reader's mind. Even during a good fall book season we should put such a book at the top of our recommended list, and this year it stands almost alone. Eden and Cedar Paul, who translated *Napoleon,* have again done an excellent job.

Conflicts, by Stefan Zweig. New York: Viking Press, 1927. $2.00.

ONE wonders to what ivory tower the author of *Conflicts* has retired of late when he speculates whether it is 'through indolence, cowardice, or shortness of sight' that authors and actors 'are one and all content to portray the brightly lighted margin of life where the senses disport themselves in the open and pay due respect to the rules and regulations,' for no such considerations deter him from exploring the cellarage of the heart. In these three stories he reveals the secret shame of a middle-aged English lady who futilely prostitutes herself for a strange young gambler, of an old burgess too weak to revenge himself on his daughter's lover, and of a professional degenerate abandoned by his favorite pupil. Some of the situations presuppose states of mind difficult to credit could one halt for a moment the impelling onrush of tragedy. But danger is no less fascinating to Zweig than abnormal passions are. A tense restraint gives to his style a sultry and breathless sense of impending disaster. In the terse realism of this story-teller, already hailed by Gor'kii and Rolland, there is a mystery, an economy of detail, a fascination of horror, reminiscent of Chekhov or de Maupassant.

The World's Lure: Fair Women, by Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm. Translated by Hannah Waller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $5.00.

WOMEN are the axis upon which the world revolves, according to Mr. Gleichen-Russwurm's rather amusing historical review of the 'dæmony of women,' or 'the world's lure,' and of the supplementary biographies and character sketches of great women lovers from Lais of Corinth to the Red Tsaritza of Bolshevist Russia.

Although women are an important factor for historical continuity, the author of this volume falls into the error of many writers who feel that their special field is the master key by which we may understand the progress of the world. The economist, cleric, or educator sees things from his own point of view, and, although each of his individual solutions appears simple, taken in the mass they emphasize the complex forces which motivate the actions of men and nations. Mr. Gleichen-Russwurm has

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a more difficult subject, for women are beyond the scope of man-made laws and rules, and their actions and motives may vary as much as their characters.

The work is of some value, for it not only holds an erotic appeal, but it also provides valuable side lights upon the life and culture of past epochs. *The World's Lure* may also help the bewildered male to understand some of the actions, devices, methods of attack, and dæmony of the modern woman — a highly intricate problem indeed. Women will complain that this book makes them too avaricious; men will say that it is incomplete and offers no safeguard against the danger which the author indicates. But apparently there is no way for the hapless male to resist the universal lure, unless he wishes to become a philosophic fool.

The study is superficial, and since the volume is obviously designed for gift purposes we advise the donor to study the recipient more painstakingly than the author analyzes his characters.

Dream of a Woman, by Remy de Gourmont. Translated by Lewis Galantiere. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927. $2.50.

Dream of a Woman is based upon the typical formula of a modern French novel. Using very little plot, a modicum of sentiment, some psychology, and a vast amount of love and passion, de Gourmont has contrived to develop an unusually diverting and competent novel by means of letters. Anna Desloges, with her insatiable desire, like that of Cabell's Dame Aniitas, stands out among the diversified and well-portrayed characters, while those individuals quite incidental to the main lines of development are sketched with the fine stroke and steady hand of a skilled artist. With customary French freedom, the author allows neither literary nor moral conventions to stand in his way.

The reader will find many elements in this book that attract and hold his attention — such as the abundance of clever and sophisticated aphorisms, a charming piece of French verse, *Les Grands lys pâles*, and the faithful portrayal of many of France's natural beauties. Less than two centuries ago Richardson used the epistolary method to develop his story, but what a world of transition lies between Pamela and Anna Desloges!

The Counterfeiters, by André Gide. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $3.00.

To describe the plot of this enormously intricate and ingenious novel would more than exhaust the space at our disposal, and to weigh the merits of such an important piece of literature is equally impossible in a limited space. The best that we can do is to advise everyone who cares for worthwhile fiction to get a copy of *The Counterfeiters* at once. Here you will meet a curious group of highly developed Europeans, most of them Parisians, during a period when their lives all happen to flow together. The chief character, Édouard, the littérateur, may be taken as more or less Gide's prototype, for he too is planning to write a novel called *The Counterfeiters*, and we are treated to extracts from the journal he keeps while the book is brewing in his mind. Since M. Gide has actually printed the real journal he himself kept while *The Counterfeiters* was being written, one can draw what conclusions one pleases, but it is quite clear that the author speaks through several of his characters and not through Édouard alone. Because of his intense individuality and his interest in many ideas, M. Gide does not quite attain the objectivity he strives for. Brought up in a strict Protestant family, he has been saturated with the idea of individual conscience and responsibility, and we constantly feel a moral imperative at work, unusual in Gallic literature. He remains, however, sufficiently French to have included a number of passages not suited to reading aloud in circles where only the *Living Age* occupies a place of honor next the family Bible. Miss Dorothy Bussy's translation is adequate.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

A MYSTERY which has caused amusement throughout India, involving Mr. Bernard Shaw and Sir Rabindranath Tagore, is at last solved. It appears that, following publication in Indian papers of a paragraph originating from London, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, in the course of a letter to Mr. Bernard Shaw, wrote: —

'In consequence of an announcement appearing in all the papers in India that you are coming to us as my guest next winter, I am assailed from all sides with the question if it is true. I hope that it is not an unpardonable sin on my part if I am evasive in my answer and not too callously honest in denying the certainty of this report. In the meanwhile, I am enjoying my precarious reputation as a prospective host of George Bernard Shaw, incurring the risk of a rude fact shattering the expectation when it is ripe.'

In reply to this letter, Mr. Shaw sent the following cable: 'Alas! a poetic fiction invented by someone who knew our regard for you.'

— *The Manchester Guardian*

* * *

A Reuter dispatch from the Indian Legislative Assembly says: 'Members were insistent in inquiring as to the exact nature of the official courtesies extended to Miss Mayo, the authoress of *Mother India*, and applauded when the Munshi Ishwar Saran asked if they would be more careful in extending facilities to American tourists in the future.'

* * *

There is this further disadvantage, speaking nationally, that there are more second-rate people in first-class positions than there ought to be. This is all right so long as there is plenty of room for the first-rate man who has no capacity for boot-strapping, and so long as there is no sudden crisis. But I believe that an emergency such as befell England on August 4, 1914, would spell a series of disasters for America, far worse than anything we knew. — *I. A. R. Wylie*

* * *

Concluding Frank R. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*, Mr. H. G. Clarke writes in the London *Daily Herald:* —

'Taking in the situation at a glance, he promptly snatched a sword from a soldier, rushed up to the king, decapitated him with one sweep of the sword, took the princess by the hand, led her to the officiating priest, and compelled him, under threat of instant death, to perform the marriage ceremony!

'Was not our hero a live wire?'

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Sir Edmund Gosse stated on his seventy-eighth birthday: 'The woman of twenty-one is, of course, much more emancipated, and manages things for herself. She has a very great advantage over the girls of my youth, but I think there is danger sometimes that, in defending her liberties, she neglects the graces a little. I think, however, that the women of to-day are a great advance on what their grandmothers were. I wish, however, they were not quite so boisterous. I find it a little difficult to distinguish who are the men and who the women — the only distinction seems to be the somewhat abbreviated skirt. The young man of to-day is much better behaved than when I was young. There is an absence of anything like brutality. That is why I find it so difficult to know where the authors of the mediocre type of novel of to-day find their types.'

Mrs. Sarah Collins, who is one hundred and six years old, replied: 'Girls who go about with skirts up to their knees, with hair cut like a man's, and a cigarette dangling from their lips, ought to be smacked and put to bed.'

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The miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, took place at the Cathedral to-day amid the enthusiasm of a huge crowd, which looks upon it as an omen of prosperity.

On the few occasions that the phenomenon has not recurred the city has been visited by cholera or earthquakes. — *Westminster Gazette*

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Let us have in China, with the Chinese, a British policy; but if Britain's policy is to be unduly influenced by the adolescence in international politics and international commerce of the New World, then we shall soon cease to say with pride, '*Civis Britannicus Sum.*'

— '*China Born,*' *in the* '*North China Herald*'

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